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CONFESIONS
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ADVENTURES

OF

A HYPOCHONDRIAC.



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CONFESSIONS
OF
A HYPOCHONDRIAC
OR THE
ADVENTURES OF A HYP.
IN SEARCH OF HEALTH.

BY M. R. C. S.

“Masters of the eximious and arcane science of physick,
of your urbanity, exasperate not yourselves against me,
for making this little book.”

ANDREW BORDE.

LONDON
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.
1849.

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CONFESSIONS

OF

A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

CHAPTER I.

“Though your disease be in the number of those that are better cured with time than precept, yet, since it is lawful for every man to practise on those who are given over or forsaken, I will adventure to prescribe to you.”—*Sir John Suckling*.

“It is owing to wealth admitting of indolence, and leading to the pursuit of transitory and unsatisfying amusements, or exhausting pleasures, that the present times exhibit to us so many examples of hypochondriacism.”—*Cullen*.

I AM old, and growing older. There is no pun intended, but my name is Elder! I traced this surname into the regions of

antiquity, and there I gave it up, as a thing of small account. But the curiosity with which I am endowed, to a degree, has been unable to discover by whose desire, or wherefore, I was christened Peter. It has been a source of infinite grief to me; and now, near the end of my days, I would give half my wealth, and resume the rational drudgery of the counting-house, to have it proved that I was christened Matthew. Both names are apostolic! But my father's name was Matthew; and for the honour of it, and being the son of my father, I long for his patronymic. He belonged to a legitimate and honourable class—the very guardsmen of the throne and altar—the gentlemen of England!

I am old: yes! I admit it, like one put to his oath; for I feel the elasticity of youth is no longer in my knees; and that

holy arithmetic which taught Moses and Jacob to number, not their years, but their days, teaches me that I have nearly reached the end of my journey. But I have something to accomplish "before I go hence," and I have said, "I will accomplish it." I have resolved to leave a chart behind me—not of the Irish coast or the Cape of Storms; a chart of the quicksands, breakers, whirlpools, false lights, and wreckers, I fell foul of in my voyage after health.

It is an undertaking to write a book; I do not fear my enemy finding me out! But the very thought of being criticized and dissected, like the contemplation of a bitter rod in pickle, is a gout to endure; but as I have no literary infirmity, no ambition, and nothing but pretension in literature, and as I shall not trespass again on the critic's desk with a heavy infliction,

and as my purpose is spiced with the benevolence of charity, I do feel and aver, that I have some title to the indulgence due to a gentlemanly virtuoso. As for the carplings of ill-nature, they are not worthy of notice; and the censures of the wise carry with them the honey which embalms a sting. Indeed, so gentle and beguiling are the words of wisdom, and so benign is the discourse of the single-minded, I would rather their censure than their praise, because it is often more instructive. Why do I falter, then? Why do I fear? I—Peter Elder—to empty into the bosom of that great boy—"the public"—as the innocent child into its mother's ear—the company of errors, failings, and foibles, that once enthralled me?—the adventures of a sad credulity, the fanatic confidence, the fleecings, and the shut-up thoughts of in-

firmity,—to get rid of which at any time is to be eased of a leaden nightmare. I will register it all. I have said it, sworn it, and it shall be done. But believe me, whoever thou art, I never speak in mere prejudice; reason is my helm! I abhor prejudice—as the fat and bitter weed whose oily gall poisons the pure fountains of the heart; by it the holy aspirant is taught to hate the fostering care of philosophy, the friendly hand it might else have loved. I have *no* prejudice, even against quackery; and in the peace of the day, the remissions of labour sweetening the task, in the evening and morning, have I penned and put down, daily, deliberately, bit by bit, as a ship-builder builds a ship—this book—the Confessions of a Hypochondriac.

CHAPTER II.

“He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up every evil a man can be guilty of.”—*Swift*.

“They are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.”—*Bacon*.

I SAID my father was a gentleman! He had a pack of dogs as famous in their locality as the Pytchly! He led a life of riot and glorious hospitality, had his merry followers and his horses in clover, and closed his career of pleasure, thank Heaven, before his stud was sold and his son an-

nounced a penniless beggar. I was too honest to cheat a creditor by keeping the entailed estate, so cut it off, and paid every encumbrance. I had still a sufficient income to enter a profession, which I did—determined to excel; and after the ordinary probation and observances, began my career, full of the bright visions and anticipations of success. How could I fail, thought I, in my native city, amongst the associates of my youth; old men and maidens, who had known me from my cradle? It was a sweet spot; I never visit it now, so bitterly did I turn my back on its all,—a sweet spot in the west, on the bank of a silver river, out of the world's turmoil, in the bosom of a lovely vale;—there it lies like a rose in a wreath, engirded by everlasting hills. There I could have lived for ever! But to counterbalance its natural beauties,

its changed inhabitants were the most frigid, unsocial, and inconvertible crew under the sun ; unchristian — detestably civil ! It was here I dreamed of achieving a great success. Poor confiding fool ! Thy father's friends and thy associates were still alive, but the memory of every kindness, association, hospitality, had withered and died, under the winter blasts of adversity. Man's ingratitude is more biting than the north wind. This launch into real life was the first insight into the perishable nature of early friendships, and the all-crushing selfishness by which the world is governed. I expected to meet familiar faces with hearts as familiar, but found the dream was a dream.

Unacknowledged by my own order, incapable of descending to inferior associates, my poverty was indeed criminal, and the

doors I fancied, most sanguinely, open, were shut against me! I saw what it was to be “a poor gentleman,” and pronounced it, with Sir Lucius O’Trigger, the very worst of positions. I envied the ditcher with his blissful ignorance; he had no dignity to maintain with nothing to maintain it. It is true, I might have made progress by playing the toady, but I was not made for that work; my capacity was above it, and I despised as ignoble the mean craft whose manhood had so little of manly pride that it could caress the hand of insult into the humour of civility. Hell may be paved with good intentions, but I would not have held a candle for the devil, if it were not in some honourable posture. Society manufactures its own spitfires; changes the innate honey of goodness into gall: and when an ill-natured Christian member be-

holds his likeness, painted by the hand of truth, in lines of light, he is frightened—why should he be so—at the apparition. Where I came in love with my species and to love, there I remained hating and to hate. What a pitiful fortuity. I could have toadied on, but for a sullen pride, that would not cringe to equals, nor beg of inferiors. The soul in my composition was too big for either road, and I could as soon commit a felony in the market, or a forgery on a friendly banker, as an offence or a misdemeanor in the courts and temples of honour. Disappointments made me pride-sick. Old friends had changed into ice; no memories thawed them; if so, they froze again; they had grown strangers except in countenance! Would to God they had changed in that also, then the sting of this coldness would have lost its barbarity

I lived on, practised with little success, led what the pious call “a most exemplary life,” untouched by scandal, and reckless of the shafts of malice: but finding, that capacity was no passport to honours or uppermost places; that mere integrity was renownless; that one of the best of the apostles would be of no note here unless he came in a coach with the retinue of a bishop; that a prophet has no chance of fame where he can claim a parish; that principle, honour, and industry, were as nothing compared to gold;—ambitious, isolated, friendless, I wondered, in my innocence, what was the grand secret of place, position, and power? In the days of Fielding—it was fortune, birth, or gambling! This last I hated; the second I had not; the first great qualification was my only chance. Besides, money was the great

everything; the Saxon's God. The not having it was my misery. Yes; I had really retrograded in wealth, while those around me had advanced. They now frowned who once fawned; I was in my turn the beggar—the dog who had had his day. What spite, what hatred, what indignant scorn stole over me like a hurricane. I would be revenged; and to do so effectually must command the applause of the multitude. But my crotchety profession was not productive, and while seriously meditating on the royal roads fortune has for her favourites, I received a letter which gave me what I coveted—immense wealth.

I reproach myself now with these un-neighbourly outbreaks of temper, but complaining has the excuse, if not the merit, of being a common complaint. We are all

prone, if our services are not acknowledged as handsomely as we happen to think they should be; we are too prone, if we are left to struggle in the lurch against successful rivals, difficulties, privations, friendless—when a solitary helpmate would have enabled us to achieve every ambition desired; we are too prone, if we have to contend against the vexations, indifference, obstacles cast like briers over our path—to grumble: and since all these things will often be the result of accident, oversight, or inevitable necessity, it ought surely to be beneath the dignity of a good and gallant spirit, either to grumble or lament with the cries and lamentations of grief. *Ought to be!* Yes; but humanity is weak, and will break forth violently and impatiently, quarrelling like a demagogue with the lot that irketh it. Besides, it is a testy thing

for a generous and confiding nature to find its hopes, prospects, loves, and friendships, charred, blasted, and desolated, as if by a fiend's breath—in a day. Youth starts in life with the noblest aspirations, with the generosity of single-heartedness, heaven-inspired and uncorrupted, giving and taking with an equal delight in the spirit of fraternity—but being duped, outwitted, chiselled, deceived, it soon passes the rubicon, from natural to artificial life, from the principles the Apostles preached to the world's mercantile materialism; and old experience—that faithfulest of monitors and of sages, teaching the necessity of selfishness, points out the sort of idols and gods, to which and to whom preachers, poets, and people—the world bows down and worships. Every age has its sacrifices; every people its idolatry.

When I look back through the vista of

years, from number seventy-five to number one, what pleasing and what hideous memoranda do I behold. It is like a picture in which the ugly and beautiful stand compared; Eve at the fountain and the fiend watching her! There is one bright name; I worship it! There is one hallowed spot; of all the earth I adore it! And yet, sometimes, in an hour of bitterness, feeling what I am and might have been, unhappily, an anathema steals from the murky deeps of some dark-mirrored region against whom? Do you ask me why I lower over the short hour of poverty, when that of prosperity came so soon? So soon! It came a day too late.

I was sitting down in my house, in November, by a fire; my sister Alice my sole companion. It was a cold, sleety day. Being in arrears, and quashed in a lawsuit,

the bailiff entered in possession. What a desolation was that! the degradation left its indelible marks. It is a sad thing to be pitied by friends who could but will not help the helpless. My friends pitied; my enemies rejoiced and affected the assistance of sincere advice. My poor sister, the only solace of my quiet evenings, wept without ceasing. Frantic with distraction, nothing could be done but to yield to the storm. I left home to seek an appointment in a distant city, and on the day in which I received an account of her hapless marriage to a knave, I received the aforementioned letter, which gratified my ambition for wealth. Thus, fortune and misfortune waited upon me at once. I grew sick with joy and with grief, and there was no one to share it. I stood alone, like a tree in the wilderness; a swallow, left solitary in

a winter country. I sighed for my sweet sister. She was gone! I observed the command of my uncle to whom I had once applied for help; but then, he kicked me from his door, bidding me seek, as he had done, my own living. He was now on his deathbed, and implored my presence, as if I could relieve him from some torture. Waiting upon him, I found that he had watched my industry, exertions, efforts, failure—and marked me out as a fit person to inherit his schemes, goods, and chattels. Above all things, I was to carry out a grand undertaking in which he had embarked a fortune with the cautious certainty of a master mind. He only wished to live to see the victory he fondly anticipated, proclaimed. It was the grand design of his life; and though common-place enough now to send a fleet of merchantmen to the

Indies, it was then an event worthy a paragraph in the newspapers. But he died a few days after my arrival at Liverpool, and I was made sensible, by the homage I received on all sides, that I was now a man of great importance! From a beggar I was a moneyed magnate. The despised of country squires one day, the next the caressed guest of peers and viscounts. The cargo arrived; its wealth was immense. I pursued the varying fortunes of a merchant with success; and thoughts of retirement at length came over me at intervals. Little did I think that to retire from an active life is literally to die beforehand. But what shall I say of the happiness I fancied to be the product of wealth. Alas! I would give half my hoard now to behold my sister, to realize the pictures of the past, the dreams of early love! Fifty summers have not entombed them in

oblivious forgetfulness. To hope for ever is to live in endless sorrow.

“ Bless God, all ye who suffer not
More ills than ye can weep for.”

After forty years of hard labour I retired, intending to give my spirit a life-long holiday. I voyaged to Madeira, Teneriffe, Mediterranean, Palestine, Greece, Rome ; viewed the lions of antiquity, and returned fatigued to Gibraltar. Roaming from place to place, and shore to shore, promised to be my agreeable pastime for the remainder of my days. Its novelty is charming ; but the toil and trouble attending a continental ramble is too much for waning age, and places and cities, like sea and sky, so much resemble each other that, after a season, they pall upon the sense. My delight in wandering abroad was over ! How sadly had I misreckoned. Active and passive

life are opposite phases of existence; the one unfits for the other. Pleasure had not been my business, and objectless and ambitionless to walk in her flowery paths was an irksome drudgery. Her face, to those who have not cultivated her blandishments, is blank and dreary, as the landscape on which the sun has ceased to shine. I sought and courted the pleasure of the *beau monde*, and won for a season! But I wanted the deep natural excitements which spring from the heart, making the haven of tranquillity one of sunshine, in which the active mind may bask and repose, and without which, retired from a life of incessant action, it will inevitably pine like a caged bird. For want of some constant affection to rouse and incite the feelings of our nature, I grew sick and ill. I hastened to Liverpool, and consulted my doctor, in

spite of whose drugging and dieting I became nervous and debilitated. Restive under the treatment of one, I resorted to another, who advised me, "to resume my occupation of wares and merchandise." This was almost impossible, for I had left the concern, forgotten my arithmetic, and felt, physically, as powerless as an infant. It was soon clear I was not being cured. I grew fidgety, discontented, revolted against my lot, and blamed the doctors! I consulted another M.D., eminent as Jephson, who said I wanted nothing in the world but rest: "too much work and the hurry and worry of trade had overstrained my nerves and exhausted their tone." I had rested for months already, and yet, "with rest," I was to be restored! What a dilemma! And to make it worse, I then consulted another of the fraternity, who made the perplexity

more perplexing, by advising me to travel. No two opinions could I reconcile. It seemed as if these accomplished gentlemen were ruled to overrule each other. "Good God!" said I, in one of my frantic moments, "I shall go mad, for I am between more than three stools." I spent sad days and nights of sorry vigils, consulted and re-consulted my chosen men of understanding, and eventually went from Liverpool to Bath, on a home tour, and was visited there by an excellent and witty M.D., who seriously advised me to stay where I was, a season.

At this time, when alone, I was troubled with the most horrid sensations of fear and terror. My moments of serenity, joy, and tranquillity, were indeed few; and they were like the faithless calm which forebodes a storm; and the dismal glooms which followed these moments of hope were like

nights of impenetrable darkness broken by fitful flashes of light. I lived in a tremor of vague apprehensions, anticipating the evils of every hour, and feeling as if *bespoke*, and on the brink of death. The noises of Babylon appeared to be in my ears; a furnace of fire seemed to be consuming me within; and the perversion of every sense, and subversion of the will, made me pitiably incapable of persisting in any course for two hours together. I changed in everything, in every hallucination, except the delusion—that I was irrecoverably ill—ill, beyond hope, help, or remedy.

It is harder, I am told, to cure an imaginary than a real disease, and the honest and learned men, who saw me from time to time, probably knew the nature of my ailment; but the discrepancy of their orders,

now easily reconciled, afforded me conclusive evidence of the difficulty and impossibility of my case. I tried the faculty, as we are advised to pray, "without ceasing;" but they gave neither clue nor cure to my complaints. I took to my bed, by fits. I dreaded exertion as a mad dog does water. My faculties were benumbed, or too acute, lethargic, or incessantly diligent in searching out the ravages of my imaginary disease, and thus, now weary of life and ready to die, anon desirous of life, and panting to live, I consulted every one, and took everything I was recommended.

Helpless as a child, like a blind man, I required a guide. My old butler (John Silver) advised me what to eat, drink, and avoid. He was my Culverwell, and a very able Culverwell he was. My evening companion was a luckless rake, and while he

was at hand to plague me with his tales and tricks of the world, strange, but true, I felt pretty well. After tarrying three weeks at Bath to no purpose, and discharging my purse of a cargo of fees, my merry friend persuaded me to join him in a trip to Malvern. I shivered at the idea of a change, but was loth to part with him; for he was merry, and full of entertainment. He had the ready wit which engrosses and rivets the attention, and the perseverance which conquers opposition, and the quick address, friendly manner, polish, and finesse, which captivate and guide a weaker mind, willing to be dependent for its amusements. Could I part with such a wight? No! So we agreed to travel for the summer; and, with my faithful Silver, a native of the classic soil of Devonshire, we started for, and arrived at,

Malvern. Hardly had we settled in our quarters when my jocose friend was summoned to the metropolis, to superintend the funeral of a maiden aunt, who had just departed her natural life, leaving him an abundant fortune in the funds. Nothing could have been more to his taste, or more deplorable for me. Had he remained I should have been cured; for his tittle-tattle had more virtue in it, for my disorder, than the deskfull of prescriptions I have paid for. His fortune was my mis-fortune. She had left him all she had; an angel could have done no more! And I all but rejoiced she had not left it to a public asylum, or built a church, robbing her relatives for the sake of a day's wonder and a newspaper fame.

He departed on his melancholy errand; and I, missing his vivacious humour, merry

chuckle, and knavish eye, grew sad and lonely, and, on the third day, for want of an amusing companion, fell into a fit of *ennui*. I remained a mournful example of that friendless and objectless isolation, the effects of which you may read in the features of those who haunt watering-places, and ramble the world over in search of novelty, health, and happiness. I was not an adept in picking up friends; and some of my mornings were spent, with Silver and a dog, on the base of the Malvern hills. In one of our exercises, I met with an adventure which I find written in my register; —the register of facts, figures, and fancies, events, wrongs, injuries, and escapes, haps and mishaps, to which I turn sometimes, to rejoice in the goodness, or to deplore the vileness, of mankind. From it, that register, indeed, my confessions and gleanings

are taken; and if I become tedious (I told you I was old), and if I travel out of the way, put it down, urbanely, to the garrulity of age, and the love that lives in us, in life's winter, to look back upon the loveliest passages of life's spring. With everybody the memory is a picture-gallery, containing life's landscapes and beauties, grouped and single. Happy is he, among mortals, who can say there are many hanging there; many—evergreen, beautiful, and beloved; and few—*but* few, dark, and ugly; ugly and dark, in the hue of sin.

CHAPTER III.

KNOW, O reader! there are two Malverns; the Little and the Great. I located at the latter, lodged at the best hotel, and, hankering after society, dined at the table d'hôte. It is a pleasant place, not expensive, and the chosen resort, in due season, of a class of semi-sick idlers, more or less distinguished for birth, business, and money! The last is the great extinguisher! The qualification of qualifications! Everywhere, everything.

The air is cool, clear, and pure; and if you love to rise, if you desire an ascent, you may rise, or ascend from the plain, skywards, up as high as 1300 feet above the level of the sea. Up there, a pretty extensive prospect lies before you; all that sight from the Malvern hills; a beautifully variegated country; all the varieties of woodland and vale, wastes and waters, villages, hamlets, homesteads, churches, houses, gardens, plantations, happily interspersed with cottages and green fields. There is nothing I delight to behold so much as a good English landscape; broad, long, expansive, combining the useful and ornamental, art and nature, lit by the morning or evening sun. I walked one day with a young physician to St. Ann's Well. We imbibed our quantum of the mineral together, and when he left me to attend to his duties, enchanted

by the freshness of the air and the beauty of the scenery, I wandered along the steep hill side. What a variety was there! The undulating mountain ridges, the dark chasms swept by untold storms and torrents; the plains, ravines, dells, all disclosing some choice attraction for the botanist and the sketcher. Had any one asked my opinion of it *then*, I should have pronounced Malvern the most delightful and refreshing spot in the isle—the healthiest, the most salubrious; for its breezes were exhilarating. Some go there to kill time, and tarry in delight, as a lover does in dalliance; others go there in caprice, world-sick and place-weary; and others, again, to seek that health which they have sought in vain, from shore to shore and clime to clime, the great secret of their evil lying, all the time, like Truth, in her well, in the bottom of a dis-

contented heart. I passed invalids of each class between the two Malverns, coming from the holy well. A young lady attracted my attention by her singular beauty and sweet voice, but yet more, by warning me not to go far, as it would soon rain. I disregarded my pretty monitress, believing one so young could hardly be weatherwise, and, fancying I was stronger than usual, prolonged my walk, indulging at every step in new glimpses of the Severn and the vale of Evesham.

Presently the sun was overcast, clouds of unutterable magnitude stole between it and the earth, glooming the hilly ridge and darkening the valley; and the low muttering of the wind, and the rattle of the large rain-drops, announced a storm. There was a cottage embowered in trees about five hundred yards off, and to it I

trudged with the energy of anxiety. It was small, straw-thatched, low ; in the middle of a nice garden, and the path to the door was neatly bordered by rows of box, and graced by a few rustic flowers, culinary plants, and rose trees. It was an English cottage ! It was so neat and clean, it reminded me of that cleanliness which has a godliness in it ; and which is indicative of the orderly and governed mind, and the industry of the bee. The poor man, the lord of this inviolable castle, was ill ; two red-faced children gathered round my knees and announced the fact while I was soliciting shelter. Children will talk without forethought, and they say what is uppermost in the heart.

He lay on a stump bedstead below stairs, looked ill, sunken—deadly pale ; and I learned he had been brought to this ground-

floor for the company of his family and the ever-shifting scenes and changes of the hour, which worked a relief to the mind, by affording it—what the sick always want—an occupation. A neighbour came in who had apparently performed some gratuitous errand, and she went away again expressing a gracious readiness to be of service in any way in which she could oblige. This was neighbourly!

It was not the first time I had noticed the Christian interchanges of the needy. There is a sublime simplicity in their single-hearted devotedness to each other, in the hour of adversity. Poverty binds them to each other by a link, as strong as destiny, and sinking their minor rivalries in the hour of peril, they grow contented with their lot. The sickness of poverty crushes its pride; and kindling a holier

vision, the ministering and the ministered receive and grant the charity of human kindness, measure for measure. Wisdom teaches us that kindness is that matchless privilege of leisure, which leaves no regret to poison its delight.

I received a welcome which my soiled dress would hardly have procured me, had I been caught by a storm in the sacred ring of a park, and obtruded at the noble's hall with an apology. I took the offered seat and placed it near the window, to command the interior without seeming a curious pry—and, also, the changes on hill and plain. I was invited to share the noon-day meal, which was on the table: bread, butter, and tea, frugal and inviting. I could not help but admire the hospitality of these people, so admirable and so national! They offered it, and

would have felt honoured by the acceptance. Like the widow's mite, it was prompted by sheer goodness, for it had no trace of ostentation. I took from the hand of my hostess a fragrant rose and a few pippins, believing that to accept a trifle not worth a farthing—a plucked primrose, a sprig of honeysuckle, or a head of barley—is more generous, and as grateful, sometimes, as the bestowal of a gift. It makes the giver happy, and I covet the enviable felicity, for it is a notable mark of a good soul, to accept with the ease and grace with which one confers a favour on an inferior—an inferior in the world's regard. It is a mark of breeding, and the higher token of hospitality. Had I been hungry I should have taken eggs and ham, as well as apples and flowers.

In my pilgrimage nothing has ever de-

lighted me more than calling at the cottages of the poor, when they stood in my path, to observe the ways and habits of a part of the nation that should be nationally thought of; and since the publication of my Confessions is twofold—to expose the follies of the hypochondriac and the crying evils of quackery—I shall relate such things as may tend to reveal the secrets of the one or the other.

The poor man, who was an artizan, represented mortality in its worst stages of decay; he was attended by a quack who had promised to make an easy cure of him; but weeks had glided away, and he was not only still ill, but passing hourly from very bad to decidedly worse. He had grown sick and impatient under the anxiety of deferred hope. I decried the worse than folly, the fatality, of trusting to ignorant

pretenders, but was treated with such an account of the wonderful cures performed by the notable fellow who drugged him, that silence was at once imposed. These miracles were, no doubt, part of the quack's stock in trade; but I saw it was useless to press reason against prejudice. It seemed as impossible to shake their confidence, at first, as it is said to be impossible to make a quaker uncover before a king; a feat which several kings have aimed at, to fail in the accomplishment; but, by illustrations and examples, their eyes were opened, and they were led to see the advantages of a skilled physician over groping ignorance. The house declared the industry of its owners; they were circumspect Saxons, respecting truth, probity, and justice; and glorying in being a Saxon also—*one* of that indomitable people who

go out mostly, conquering and to conquer,—it went to my heart to find that this poor fellow, who was a decent creature, with a family of two, a neat wife, a clean house, and a fair prospect, had been on his bed for weeks, attended, perhaps, by an ignorant and knavish pretender, who confirmed his malady when skill might have removed it. My hour of shelter was over. I promised to return to-morrow with a physician, apt and able in the dangerous mystery of physic.

What dabblers we have in that hazardous art; it is more poached upon, and alas for the afflicted, less recoverable ground than either law or divinity. What have our wise legislators been dreaming of, that they permit the charlatan to rob the monarchy of its men? When I think of the sum of cases I have hunted up and heard

of, what I have experienced and witnessed in this woeful field of facts, the ague of horror shakes me. The pens of the age are the swords of peace and reason. Their legitimate use is to cut up every encroachment on the fair field of honesty. They labour incessantly, changing the outskirts of society to a better phase, and scattering wide and far, the seeds of civilization, where the sated eye of wealth never turns; they are as faithful to their work as the watchful virgins to their lamps, but the barbarous infamy of quackery has escaped the notice of a large section of the press.

But where am I? *Revenons à nos moutons*. I did return on the morrow with my friend. Conceive my horror at hearing the succinct history of the poor man's case. His wife had been stripping her house, with a generous devotion, to

satisfy the voracity of a fellow whose intrepidity had nearly sacrificed the life of the only being she loved. A partial recovery was all that could be hoped for,—even that was doubtful,—under judicious management. Such was the tale my ears received from my physician's lips. “He is young,” said I; “Nature is an indulgent mother, and she may yet cure him.”

“Cure! never!” said he, in a grave whisper. The man had had inflammation of the lungs; by treatment, the opposite to what should have been pursued, Nature had been thwarted in arresting or removing the malady. The organ was hepatized, and the man crippled, if not killed. He had paid ignorance to maim him, to rob him of his resources, to bring his family, *first* to want, and *then* to the parish. It was a piteous case: young, hale, and lately strong;

a good citizen, in the bloom of manhood, with his children around him, robbed of health—that great and glorious possession to all men, but above all to those who work to live—robbed of health by one of those vampires who prey upon the ills of credulous mortality. To think of it was enough to ruffle the temper of one who had grown old in the infirmity of compassion. I pitied these poor people, who were as blissfully ignorant of the doom they had wrought, as is the lamb, leaving its pasture on the hill-side, of the fate to which it is being driven. From this time, when I heard of a quack I was upset, and would sooner have heard of the devil.

As we returned home, Dr. G. and I conversed on the subject of our visit. I requested he would attend the poor patient at my expense; but being equally benevo-

lent in this instance, and anxious not to be outdone in generosity, he insisted upon attending at his own. He spoke forcibly of the fatal effects of quackery.

“ This is a solitary instance,” said he, “ of the havoc of ignorance: the havoc committed by this class of plunderers is awful.”

“ Awful! yes; so I should think.”

“ No one can have an idea of its extent, or its evil influence on the poor, their health, and means.”

“ You should decry it, sir—decry it.”

“ It is a task, indeed, to take prejudice by the horns; and what evil can be corrected without the aid of the law? The expression of the profession is received, *ex parte*, in this case, and held of no weight.”

“ Are you medicals not interested? eh, sir?”

“ Very little, except in pity ; interested as an honest mind is when it sees an unsuspecting simpleton led away by the bait of a cunning sharper ; interested for the dupe, not the knave.”

“ I detest the whole tribe, believe me, I do.”

I was afraid he would take me for an advocate of knavery, and denounced emphatically every shade of quackery ; little did I then think how soon, and often, I was to become the victim of the despicable herd.

The next day I found I had taken a cold, which confined me to my chamber a week ; after which I posted to Cheltenham for a change, and thus lost sight of physician and patient.

CHAPTER IV.

“ Shall property be protected by innumerable statutes, and life and health be left at the mercy of every one who has the hardihood to assert and persist in a falsehood ? ” — *Piomingo*.

AT the risk of being charged with wandering out of the legitimate path, I determine to write a chapter on an illegitimate subject. It is a national, therefore a great bane; and I have no misgivings of its being irksome, since every sensible person feels a tentative interest in every good or

evil that makes a perceptible approach to his pocket, and enters with something like a republican gusto into whatever whirls him into the unfathomable ocean of social or political life.

Against quackery will I write a chapter, at the risk of being voted an affliction by the masters of the black art. He who favours it can have no more sense than a cracked egg has chance of a chicken; and yet it has its advocates, like every other pest, in St. Stephen's. Its capacity for ills and horrors is as well known and old as the story of the fire-fetcher, Prometheus.

“ Pandora's casket with its numerous ills,
Held none more dire than quacks with salves
and pills.”

Hope tarried at the bottom of the box; it is opined, to temper the minister of mischief to the afflicted. Is there any room

to hope that the Medical Reform Bill will contain a penal clause for the entertainment of impostors? Let us hope it, *pro bono publico* ; for love of life is strong, and life is sweet, sweetest, they say, to the wicked. The grand distinction between a physician and a quack is this: you may die with the one, but the other will be very likely to kill you. There is a sensible difference between dying and being killed, and of this the fraternity are conscious. A quack called in a physician: what is the matter, said the latter?—thy pulse trembles, thine eyes glare with terror? I fear I shall die, said the other; I have had the misfortune to take some of my own pills.

They had a proper idea of the worthiness of quackery in Spain; Cervantes had! After a string of torments to which the hapless Quixote was consigned, the amorous

Altisidora concludes her ditty with the following toothy anathema:—

“Mayst thou at last fall worse than sea-sick,
And have a quack to give thee physic.”

The ancient orator said the medical art was almost divine; and, beyond dispute, medicine is a necessary evil—eternal as sin. In skilful hands it has been practised in all ages with safety and infinite benefit to the afflicted. It is in the hands of ignorance that it is dangerous. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing in the management of the helm of the vessel in a storm; and ignorant of the frame they rashly tamper with for the sake of pelf, ignorant of the nature of what they administer, is it anything strange if life is brought to a premature close by unscrupulous adventurers, or that the greatest of blessings given to man—health, is irrecoverably lost.

When I think of what I have seen, and how I have *quacked*, how bitterly do I reproach myself with that going astray to be fleeced, like a genuine sheep of Panurgus.

“Unnecessary sickness,” says Lord Ebrington, “and premature death, impeach the prudence, no less than the humanity, of the nation which suffers them.” “Quackery,” says Dr. Latham, “is the arrogant guess-work, which has no basis of action, and which succeeds once and fails twenty times, and knows as little why it succeeds as why it fails.” “Dead men,” says the proverb, “tell no tales;” but a cure which Nature has worked, divinely, is noised abroad as a miracle of skill by the advertising charlatan for a generation, to entrap ignorance; and a knowledge of the cheat’s worthiness is only purchased by

the unwary, at the sacrifice of health. Sir James Graham's projected Bill, to my horror, provided no penal restriction for the unlicensed pretenders, whose industry helps to overfill the unions, to gorge the jails, to burden hospitals and charities with the incurable of deaf, halt, and blind, and to swell the immense sea of beggary which presses down every rank above it—industry, property, and talent—nearer and nearer to its own level of despair. A Bill, without a penal clause to touch the traffickers in gullibility and humbug, would be a plague-spot on the most philanthropic session. And if you cannot exterminate the evil, it is worse than a sophism to say it should be tolerated as a crutch of hope for the desperate. It would be a pity—a thousand pities, a sin and a shame—to rob Lord Scruffskin of the melancholy satis-

faction of trying every novel ingenuity devised for the infirm; but it is a cruel kindness to the unfortunate to consign him to the empiric, who, if he cannot cure, may kill or cripple, and, at any rate, will promise to cure while the purse holds a pound or a penny.

The government derives a revenue from secret remedies and nostrums, and yet Morrison has been prosecuted. The State permits the empiric to practise generally, but provides with especial care against the possibility of paupers in unions, felons, sailors, soldiers, and lunatics, falling into the hands of the unlicensed and unskilful. Are our artisans and labourers less worthy than these, that for them there is no statutory care? Ours is an age of philanthropy, marked by anxiety to civilize the barbarian, to teach the ignorant, to better the

condition of the lower and lowest caste; and a wave of agitation moves over the land like a silent shadow, fishing out the evils likely to afflict body or mind; but quackery is yet allowed full swing. It is in the nature of things, that an evil is overlooked, as the Tooting and burial infamies were, till the monstrosity has grown large enough to excite public indignation; then it is crushed. It will be thus with quackery; it will levy contributions, and trick the innocent, till the public eye can no longer be blinded to its infamy. The legislature will lie dormant till goaded into action *ab extra*. In the meantime the quack drives a thriving trade, and the public is, genteelly, cheated and poisoned.

A glib-tongued London thief, the season being over, started in a carriage to take a tour over the counties, as a Doctor of

Physic. His ingenuity furnished the most inviting testimonials from the very highest in the realm—and indeed it was made to appear he travelled rather more for the sake of the public than his pocket! A page left a card and surprising testimonials, with a promise—that Doctor Walkoff would call in the afternoon. Well-dressed, urbane, and attentive, like the ancient sage, he passed from house to house, with the most benevolent smile; a box of specifics was being carried after him, and by the rapidity of his passage from town to town, the undertaking was made highly lucrative. What benefits attended his visits is uncertain, but that many persons were made to feel the ill effects of them, in England and Wales, is beyond doubt. By the time he retired from the road, in one journey, he pouched some hundreds of pounds; and then, the trade

was not given up, the method alone was changed. He furnished a house in the City, and advertised for patients, and of course succeeded admirably. A more harmless empiric is the seventh son of a seventh son! This Sir Oricle, the depositary of dead oracles and "arid expedients," is supposed to derive his miraculous power from the fact of his birth. By inheritance, he is gifted with a power; he is master of the grand secrets of the arcana of Nature, and accomplished in the black art; spellbinds and unbinds, for certain, all ills and takings. He believes in his own capacity, and therefore is entitled to the full belief of the gaping ignorant who come with open mouth to be cured by enchantment. Kings no longer touch for the evil, but seventh sons cut the scalp for the jaundice, and cast out devils with the picked texts of Scrip-

ture; as their fathers did, so do they; but they are a harmless race, practising more for honour than lucre. They peril not, and will perish as knowledge sheds her sunshine round about us.

The bone-setter is of another order, and dangerous! A board of guardians, O, tell it not abroad, appointed a bone-setter to attend a poor man with a fracture. From simple it was made compound. The bad management of the setter was equal to the confidence of the worthies who appointed him. The poor man died; it was thought unfairly. The jury brought in the usual verdict, accidental death! which would be true, perhaps, by supposing they meant that death was occasioned by the *accident* of an ignorant blunderer being chosen by these guardians for their pauper's benefit.*

* Medical Times.

Since I have taken an interest in the peccadilloes of empirics, the instances of robbery and injury met with would make a book. I have met with one—of a girl in the hopeless stage of consumption, fearfully salivated by a quack, who promised a cure. The end of it need not be told. Another instance is this; a poor woman, with organic disease, sold nearly all she had to purchase “a subscription” of a charlatan, which was to cure her. Its price, ten pounds, was paid, the thing had—found useless! She was victimized, and nearly destroyed by privation the following winter, having sold her store of subsistence to purchase health. Another instance: a man with organic disease of the heart, aware of the incurability of his malady, was bored diligently by an empiric, who had deserted the honest post of ostler for his present more lucrative pursuit. He

of course readily undertook to restore the incurable. The violence of the remedies, emetics, occasioned a vomiting of blood which soon brought life to a close. The fellow earned the credit of having done his best: the best of the grossest ignorance in a matter the most critical! The wife and children were deprived of their means of independence, contingent on an annuity, went to the Union, and became, through the poor rates, a burden to every class of the community. Thus—is honesty plundered.

The chronically ill are the certain prey of the empiric. He has only to whisper a promissory hope into the ear, and sooner or later, they are destined to be his victims; dupes immolated at the merciless altar of selfishness. He knows there is a passion for life; that nature pants for what it

loves, hopes—but to realize the false promise the deceitful juggler has held out to obtain his end, and having received the blind confidence which he holds indispensable, he plays upon it with the mercy of a Thug. Bed and board, and garments, are pawned to sustain the baffled hope, which at last proves a double-edged sword to its owner's injury. While dupes and knaves live together in a community, craft will undoubtedly practise on credulity; while the imagination can be tickled with small peril; while the pocket contains a doit, and while money is the needful thing it is,—selfishness so universal, and so ignoble in its dishonest, impious pursuits, will exist, and prey like the eagle, where it can. But should not the legislature, which is the natural protector of units as of thousands, and which interferes to stop lotteries and

gambling, at least show the same sacred regard for the person as the purse.

Should a quack, finding physic a pursuit of more plague than profit, or under the impulse of a genial ambition, take a fancy to practise as an attorney, what would be the consequence? The law is a jealous Queen, and fine and imprisonment would be the immediate visitation. No pretenders are allowed to profane her temples. Is this on public grounds, or on principle? Heaven knows, our laws are complicated enough, but they are administered by accomplished judges. In all ages a class has been too prone to class legislation, and the effective manner in which the lawyers have always been represented in the English senate, alone, answers the question—Why the property of the subject is much more carefully protected than the person? Any daring

adventurer, under mere pretence and false promise, may drug, defraud, or cripple the person, with little risk of punity ; but let him just draw out a lease, or convey a plot of ground, no matter how capable of the work, he is safe for a prison or a fine. The law is intricate, society needs protection from sharpers ! True : but is not the human frame as complicated as the ingenious machinery of the law ? If this anomaly (respect for property before life) were in Denmark, it might be said, gravely, “there is *something* rotten in the state.”

If the state has seen it good to legalize a vocation, it is worse than absurd to do so by statutes that can be ridden over at pleasure by a knave. If protection be given at all, either for the public welfare, or for the sake of a class of men who have devoted time, talent, and fortune to acquire

a capacity of acknowledged usefulness, let it be effective; if not given, let the professional and non-professional, (the ordeal of halls and colleges being set aside,) as the Cornish vicar said, "start fair" in the race for public patronage. Merit will find its level as well as water. But the law, as it now stands, is little better than a mockery; and anything but in keeping with the spirit of the age. It is true, empirics are sometimes tried for slaughter, when the searching eye of medical science chances to light on some flagrant case calling aloud for the investigation of the coroner, but any smaller injury inflicted is almost unpunishable, or, if so, the means and the end bear such disproportion, that the offender escapes by the sheer laxity of the law.

The more hazardous a calling, the more skilful should be the hand that pursues it;

and when that calling is important as life at stake, surety of capacity is required in the common traffic of commerce. Who would enter a railway carriage with a drover for engineer? Who would trust a carpenter to guide a boat, or a tinker to mend a watch, or a gipsy to raise the arch of an edifice, or a sailor to pipe a church organ, or a booby to cook a goose? No one in his senses! And yet the most complicated machine the Creator has fashioned, the most superb, the most beautiful and wonderful, is daily tricked, huckstered, higgled, haggled, and experimented upon by such groping ignorance,—it is at once a scandal and an index of intelligence the most morbid. A man who would not trust his watch to a tinker's care will trust a child. If the watch were spoiled, he could see it, and a censure would declare his dis-

satisfaction. But if the child died by the hands of the unskilful, he could not see the torture of the mal-practice, the thwartings of Nature's benign efforts, caused by a presumptuous meddler, and in the true spirit of religious resignation, tempered by inborn grief, he would put it all to the will and wisdom of an overruling Providence. Such occurrences take place hourly around us. The professional must see them now and then; if he bring the offender to the bar, is he thanked for so doing? Often regarded as an interested party, the criminal is more pitied than *he* is praised; the wolf is there, pleading, but the lamb is silent and gone.

What a vile vanity is that which allows a learned man to lend his name to catch-penny nostrums. Some of our learned Thebans have done so. Renowned infamy

must be sweeter than fameless obscurity! Statists have held, a man has a right to quack if he likes it, for man is a free agent; and, by the same logic, he has a right to prostitute his name.

Man may be a free agent, but he cannot always be permitted to do what he likes with his own, since the claims of society are superior to those of every individual passion. Is a guardian justified in trusting his ward, where he may be crippled, to an empiric? Crippled, he becomes a pensioner on industry or alms; a burden, consuming from, but adding nothing to, the storehouse of necessities; a cumberer of the ground, a trouble to friends, an object of pity to beholders, worth nothing in war or peace as an agent of use. How many such are made by that ignorance which makes the curable incurable, the incurable

worse! But to suppress its privileges is to interfere with personal freedom. So senators have said! To be sure it is; and the suppression of every vice or lucrative infamy is an interference against which knaves will exclaim. Should such, therefore, go untouched? Is it the duty of a state to protect the subject's health, as well as his money? Is money of more value than health? You may take or tamper with the one with little fear of the law; but if, by the most ingenious process, you touch or appropriate the other, you are certain of a trial by jury. To rob a man of a penny is a graver offence (by law) than to rob him of a limb or an eye!

Independent of monetary considerations, the medical profession have a duty to perform; it is, to expose quackery. They know its extent, infamy, and enormity;

they know its damage to the community; that it helps to crowd hospitals, gaols, unions, by disabling the hale and strong, and their public services to charities, an index of their liberality, is a sufficient guarantee of their disinterested concern. Aware of the magnitude of the evil and its guilt, and even self-interested, why inactive? Why so lethargic? Is it not from the state of the law, which seems to tolerate the parasitical excrescence by a tacit acquiescence, or by statutes whose worthlessness is notorious? True, the profession is interested; but to them empiricism is comparatively a farce—a mere pocket consideration—to the poor and ignorant how often is it a momentous tragedy.

Minor evils, sometimes, accumulate to immensities before they are noticed. Habits of accumulation have made a despised Jew

of consequence to kings and empires. The fast accumulation of quackery, by its destructive tendency, if health or life be of any account in the market, is likely to be of some consequence, by-and-by, either as a national reproach or a credit. Voltaire, it is said, sacrificed truth at the shrine of ridicule; shall it be for ever said that we always sacrificed right and reason at the barbaric shrine of ignorance and presumption!

The press has not thundered against it as a crying evil to be rooted out. No. If it does not give open countenance, it gives room for advertisement. There may be no tillage sympathy; but an editor *passim* wrote: "Quack medicines are cheaper than physicians' fees." Is ignorance cheap at any price? Can that be cheap which protracts illness, perils life, cripples the strong,

and brings no relief where relief might be brought? It is a false economy and a vicious infirmity which prompts us to purchase cheap ware, and shut our eyes to the fraud of cracks and flaws, till the discovery is made evident by the leakiness of the vessel. But it is not for its cheapness charlatanry is called in. The sick and the sinking swimmer grasp at straws and shadows; flee open-handed to the minister of hope—no matter whom, or what, or where—the heaven-born principle impels to self-preservation. *Impels!* And, to be promised and deceived! The empiric is greedy; is moved by one motive—selfishness: and, as the customer may not come again to be gudgeoned, his purse is handled handsomely, with the tenderness of an old highwayman.

The thimble game and a host of other

familiar cheats are burked, and becoming rare in the land: are policed. In youth and age, how many have taken lessons in that demonstrative game under the hedge on market-days and in fairs, and under the rose on the race-course. To a civic or moral gala, games of chance were once as natural as sunshine and moonlight to a gipsy. What is there now to prevent those industrious gentlemen from changing their peas into pills, and cheating the sick instead of the foolish? Who wins may laugh in either case. The same bait would do; the stimulus of hope! that everlasting sol of the soul! Hope of gain is the herring-trail of the gamester, and hope of health is the *ignis fatuus* of the quackster.

But the cream of the press do not encourage; have turned the artillery of truth and reason, contempt and ridicule, on every

quackish pest and imposition, social and political. When will the provincials follow the glorious example of the metropolitans; and, preferring principle to pelf, cease to defile their columns with advertisements teeming with obscenity, delusion, and falsehood.* It is a sound sign when a healthy movement commences at the centre heart, and spreads to the limits of a king-

* A petition against the indecent quack advertisements, which appear daily in certain of the public journals, was presented "To the Right Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom," March 28, 1849, by Thomas Wakley, Esq., M.P.: it set forth the immorality of these defiling exhibitions, and especially mentioned the most offensive. May the prayer of it find ready ears. A copy of the petition of Dr. J. C. Hall, to whom the thanks of the public and the profession are due for his war upon quackery, will be found in "The Lancet," April 7, 1849. The filthy prints obtruded on passengers in the streets are not less immoral than certain punishable offences, and ought to be alike punishable.

dom. Surely they will soon cease to purvey cruel impositions to thousands, and cease to be the forlorn hope of organized gangs or individual impostors, who plunder by rule.

Enlightened beneficence, which organizes and vivifies society, said Mirabeau, in his day, has not yet mounted her throne, pure and without admixture. This is too true—even yet “the House of Commons is sensibly indifferent to the interests and rights of the medical profession.” Mr. Wyld, M.P. for Bodmin, uttered this notable fact the other day at the London Tavern. A political body has no great concern for a civil body of no political importance! It is nothing wonderful. In proportion to power is respect ever doled out; but are not 30,000 men, of acknowledged talent, moving in all ranks, from the prince to the peasant, a staple company, for good or evil? Have they not a

power? Is it not growing daily, by union and action?—the power which knowledge gives? Let them press the members for boroughs, and counties, and cities, on their just rights, and truth backing them, they are not so powerless a body that they can be treated with inattention. The government is strong enough to carry a Medical Bill when it chooses; but “let not the profession think themselves omnipotent, or they may awake some fine morning and find that the Home Secretary has been up before them.”* Let them not rest on their oars.

Do they manage these things better in France? There, one who pretends to be an *officier de santé* is fined summarily a thousand francs for the offence. The diploma being registered, the impostor is easily detected. As easy is it to punish with us the

* Medico-Chirurgical Review.

unlicensed hawker, who injures the tax-paying and honest "commercial," while he cheats the government and the public with his bad ware. Napoleon thought it wise and just to subject every empiricism to a respectable surveillance; a rigid scrutiny. If people must take poison, let the risk be reduced to the lowest possible ratio. The law is the national guardian, and justice and reason prompting it, a wise law injures none but the vicious, while it protects every orderly citizen; it increases, but never curtails that free agency and independence of action, the possession of which is so nobly preserved to us and proudly vaunted as a birthright.

CHAPTER V.

“Many persons look *at* things, few *into* them.”

CARLISLE.

I HURRIED from Malvern to Cheltenham! I had heard there was a great cure there, and my old malady returning, I was dying to consult him. Credulity has a celeritious promptitude; it never reasons, never stops till satisfied. I was advised to take champagne moderately, a nutritious diet, exercise, and amusement. This was a tolerable prescription. I analyzed it thus: Champagne, to change dejection into mirth;

chicken, rabbit, mutton, to nourish and sustain the humanity of nature; exercise, to wave on the blood; and amusement, to warm the mind with sociability, and make it minister to the social circle. Could I but have cultivated that circle, even as a fast liver, I had been beguiled from fanciful maladies; but up to this period I could not: its secret avenues and pleasures were unknown. After a day or two I ceased to mend, and tired my physician again and again, with the strange tale of my perverse, unintelligible, and inexplicable illness; and at last, to get rid of me I suppose, he advised me to travel. This is the usual way of disposing of a patient of my class. I took it as a tender farewell, and declaration that my case was among the hopeful; and disappointed at being denied to drink (for I was denied to drink) the waters there, I

posted back to Malvern in a prodigious hurry. I had made a bootless expedition. It was a new version of the old saying:—

“The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again.”

Indeed, my visit was attended by no manifest advantages. The morning after my return to the caravansary at Malvern, my gentleman, John Silver, civilly informed me, “that he hoped and expected I should now tarry where I was for the season, for he was unfit for this packing and shifting, this going and coming, being Dutch-built, rather aged, and of very indolent habits.” At this preposterous speech I stared, and he proceeded. He said, “I was grossly changed (he didn’t know what was come to me) in state and stability; from being firm as a rock, and continuous as a Lapland winter, I was now infirm—and as fickle as April.”

I detested his feminine comparison; but he grumbled, freely, in spite of my evident uneasiness. I had the power to send him packing; but feeling the force of his observations, and discovering love had stirred its piquant humour into his dish of griefs, I forgave his impudence. I found he had entered a suit with a lady's lady at Cheltenham, and experienced the agony and felicity of such mishaps. To her his sighs sailed.

It was wet, and Malvern looks dreary as a wet blanket in dull weather. I felt the grandeur of isolation in my solitary walks, and deplored its satiety, for I had never cultivated the use of that inner eye which is the solace of solitude. I discovered, like Lord Glenthorn, that the bliss of benevolence is greater than the possession of parks, castles, and hen-coops; greater than

even that power itself, of which the King of Prussia was so fond, that he wanted to superintend and regulate all the mouse-traps in his kingdom! Having strayed to the cottage of the poor man, who, I found, had died in my absence—being, as I believe, quacked to death—with what pleasure did I behold it, still the picture of neatness; and its inmates, save one, were still there, clean and godly. The assistance I had given this bereft family, through the clergyman, had so set up its sole guardian, that she was likely to realize the best wishes of her friends, having embarked her stock in a way which promised to be fruitful. Her heart was full of hope; mine of delight! Thanks were showered upon me. But what pleased me most was a legacy which the deceased left me in token of my kindness; that kindness was only a

Christian duty, to be given and taken without the imposition of an obligation: it was merely a sword! There is something classic about that gentlemanly weapon, especially if it have been in service; you think of the slaying and the slain! and if an Englishman's, that it has been in a patriot's hand, and a country's cause—mankind's! I looked at this one with the eye of taste and imagination; liked it, for being handsome, old, and above the average size.

“Ah, sir,” said the poor widow, with a sentimental air, “you do not know how my poor husband prized it; with what pride he kept it rustless; for it belonged to his father, who was a native of Middlesex, and being one of the militia, he went to the continent to fight for his king, and meeting with the French at the horrid battle of ———; dear me, what's the name of it,

John?" and, with a look of magnificent importance, he at once pronounced "Albuera!"

"Ah!" said I, abstractedly, "a fatal battle that for the English; and your poor husband was killed there, I suppose?" Dickins! In my stupor, what a very unpardonable blunder I had committed: I had reminded, anew, an afflicted and bereaved heart of its bereavement. She turned away, that I should not see the tear consecrated to memories, and smoothing the hair of the urchin, a keen-looking little fellow, with a head of beautiful curly locks, I gave him a half-crown, and he helped me out of the dilemma, by saying, "This sword belonged to a French officer."

"A French officer, did it?" said I.

"Yes, sir; his grandfather," meaning the boy's, "was in the Middlesex, and they

were all wounded or killed; and after it was over, an officer gave him this sword."

"What! for quarter, I suppose — the refuge of the brave?"

"No; he was wounded, and dying of a thirst; all he gave him was a sip of water from his canteen: it saved his life."

"Ah! that thirst! the thirst of the wounded after a carnage: to refresh it must be luxurious. The brave are proverbially generous, even to an enemy; and to give a draught of crystal water at such a crisis is indeed the act of a Samaritan."

"Yes; and in return he presented this sword, which was prized the more, because the gift of the emperor."

"A gallant and soldier-like reward for a noble service. It was a long-disputed, and is still a disputed battle," said I, feasting my eyes on the legacy, "for both sides

claim the victory." From the first I fancied there was some extraordinary tale hanging thereat, but I never dreamed, in my simplicity, it had passed through such hands. I would have given anything to have known the name of the excellent Frenchman who received such a gift from his emperor! No doubt he was some one whose talent had risen to the height of circumstances! I blamed him for parting with it; but life is sweet, ease is a luxury, and priceless the icy water that allays a deathly thirst! I took care to settle the worth of my legacy, for which I was soon offered twenty pounds, on this promising family, boasting such propinquity to the Middlesex volunteer, who must have been of that cohort which acquired the sobriquet of "THE DIEHARDS," by their indomitable bravery and devotion at Albuera.

I found this old soldier was a pensioner, and that he died suspiciously at last by that *curse* to which I have devoted such Hannibal enmity; for, having attended in vain at one or more benevolent institutions, he had trusted his corporeal estate to a curer who promised to forfeit his life if he didn't cure him. This professor is also a Londoner, and the *hollow-way* of his dextrous ignorance has handed many a worthy old soul to an untimely doom. By what I learned, the barbarian dressed the poor veteran's battle-wound with a villanous unguent, and stuffed it with *charpie*, and so he died. This tale inflamed me anew against quackeries; and as often as I think of it, my blood rises into a fever of excitement and indignation, which I hope to diffuse over the entirety of that kingdom of ours on which the sun always shines.

For days these incidents interested my mind; they were its champagne! And then, I had formed an acquaintance with an hydropathist, who, when he came to Malvern, was so stout he could not behold his knees. Dying of a plethora *then*, he was *now* of reasonable proportions. He protested daily, that from being ever ill, he was now ever well: the new system had made him a new man. Seeing me drink my champagne, he protested it would soon kill me, for alcohol, in the long run, “was an exhausting and combustible agent.” When we rambled together, he preached the extreme merits of hydropathy, and my antipathy—an antipathy I dated from the forced and frequent dippings of my infancy—my antipathy began to thaw.

Converts are proverbially outrageous and preposterously busy in favour of the system,

habit, or faith, they have adopted, for better or worse. Their alliance is matrimonial, and their advocacy is, like a weak tongue, in perpetual motion. They know no medium. Such was the rage of my friend for hydropathy; it knew no ceasing. He up-cried it, as if hired to do so, in season and out of season, but his rage was reasonable, for he was the convert of conviction. No establishment could have had a better walking advertisement. I was gradually infected, and mad to try the new mischief. I delayed it for a day or two, reason persuading me that baths and bathing were of no service! and followed by rule, as if the business of life, I had heard they had proved dire evils. Remembering Burdett, I shook in my shoes, but a consultation with a physician settled all my scruples, and assured me that I was a proper object for the

watery-way. Having decided to stay where I was, for the season, I gave my gentleman leave of absence for a week. He had been sulky of late, and deserved to be sent a-pack-ing, but he was in love, and no man is wise when his wits are overgone, or womanized.

Louis XIV. told his court he would be his own minister! There is certainly a comfort in being independent; a pleasure in being one's own servant; a pride in being one's own master; but I had not attained that acme of indulgence! My late habitual laziness prevented me living entirely without assistance, though I declare I have never ceased to button my own garments.

But my projected tarry was spoiled by an adventure! I retired, Heaven knows, with no intention but to sleep, but by the intervention of a luckless accident, it proved

the sorest night of my life. Retiring in a sea of abstraction, beguiled by the aliment of promise, and about to enter upon a magnificent occasion for a perfect recovery, bewildered by the contention of pleasant anticipations and imaginary ills, which dazzled like sunbeams, without my valet I walked into the wrong room. Still groveling in the wells of truth, the deeps of error, I went into a lady's bed! What a fatal error for my repose! What a delicate distress! The chamber I had entered, to have and occupy, belonged to an aged spinster; a regular watering-place haunter, who had long since consumed her share of the honey of heaven—charity; who loved only her lap-dog and a winning partner at whist; who disliked the young of her own sex, and who had the wildest hatred to mine! In the room of such an example of mortality,

what a disaster—what a catastrophe to my ends and visit! Ah! what prodigious ills from petty causes spring.

I marvel to this day how I came there? I wonder how I overlooked the feminine *bijouterie*, the toilet, caps, ribbons, combs, curls, artificials, roses and sprigs of myrtle, on the dressing-table, and I answer, I cannot imagine! I have rummaged my imagination for excuses in vain: the only one which aids me is this: I must have been in a state of somnambulism when I entered the den of that amiable virtuoso. I remembered nothing in the morning but that I had gone quietly and soberly to bed, filled with hope from the cheering conversation of the water doctor. This, and some dreamy fragments of the life of easy happiness I languished to attain, alone lingered on the tablet of memory.

I had gone to bed, and after the second, or it may be the third watch, was most uncomfortably disturbed. The upshot of it is this: the room was double-bedded, and in the occupancy of a lady and her maid. I had entered upon and occupied the latter's couch! In the morning she was called, lustily, to administer to her mistress the usual morning dose; no answer being given, she had risen from her bed to awake the creature, who, it was discovered, had slipped out, after pretending to retire, to join a dancing party in the hotel. Unluckily, I had taken her place. For nights I had not closed my eyelids, but this night, I slept like a rock; and, lapped in that delicious slumber which refreshes the weary and prepares the strong man for toil or battle, heeded not the callings and cries of a voice in distress, till my head was griped between two fair hands,

and shaken most profoundly. I called for Silver, and my masculine voice startled my astounded witness. It was a moment of recognition, and as surprising to one as it was unsatisfactory to the other. A scream, shrill and loud, saluted my ears as I caught a glimpse of a face, befrilled in lace, retiring from over mine.

“What is the matter?” said I, fancying the house was on fire, by the rudeness of the shocks. I heard her mutter, “It is a man’s voice!—a man’s!!” Another scream, and yet another! And as I peered forth, she ran towards her bed, like a lapwing, quotting very modestly, that I should not spy her feet, which, Heaven knows, I was not covetous enough to look at. A violent pulling at the bell roused me to a crisis of apprehension, and I rose in my sitting.

“Lie down, sir; you horrid villain,” said she, “lie down!”

I obeyed precipitately. When I spoke or questioned, she screamed. I heard a knocking at the door, and wanted to get up to open it. She saw me move—appeared to be convulsed by the idea of one of my gender rising in her presence—and I—sillily over-delicate, was abashed into inaction when I should have been active. What a perplexity! What was to be done in such a position? She would not rise to open the door, nor permit me. “Stay in bed, sir!” was her cry, continually; and when I protruded a leg, she seemed to be fainting. She called for Fanny!

“She is not here,” said I.

“What! are you alone?”

I felt all over the bed, and protested I *was* alone. I protested and explained: it was evident I had missed my chamber, and the discovery distracted me. I said I would rise and go out: she insisted with infinite

rancour I should lie down. I had nearly killed her already, and if I rose I should be her death! How dreadful it is to be attacked by a woman, with a free and not particular tongue, to pocket whose epithets is a sort of chivalry.

The door was burst. To my bedside came a young woman, with a candle in her hand, and two or more followed at her heels. I thought I should have been set on and torn to pieces by this ungentle creature, and to my surprise, her mistress spoke to my good behaviour. Fanny, to excuse her delinquency, made it evident she was bolted out, and she had chosen to remain out, rather than disturb her poor, dear, sick mistress in her sleep. *Rather than disturb!* The slut!—The truth is, true to my habit, I had cautiously locked the door, but I believe she had never tried to open it.

Seeing how matters stood, tantalized and almost exasperated; and perceiving what an extraordinary mistake had been committed, I was anxious to discuss my position. I was pronounced a—what do you think?—a robber! I gasped for breath!—protested — was knocked down with a shower of icy abuse; and trembling, and incensed, and agonized, and ready to give up the ghost, and begging to have leave to explain, in God's name, and finding no excuse would be heard, I resigned myself to my fate without hope of quarter. With chagrin I heard the mistress congratulated on her escape; for they discovered a plot, in spite of my innocence—a grave design.

I began to perspire with fear, and petitioned Heaven for an early deliverance. I would have fled from the scene, discovering I was in the wrong room, but in a *robe-*

de-chambre, surrounded by girls and their elders, could not stir without treading over the lines of delicacy; and every time I moved, my Tabitha Bramble, who had put on her garments, threatened my infirmity with her talons. She dared me to stir, and her maid alarmed the house. I offered apologies to her beautyship, but she grew furious; and the fiery spots on her face became red-hot with the caloric of anger, when I moved in my afflictions. Clytemnestra, in the tragedy—Siddons, in her dark personations — never looked so many unutterable things. Was she an oyster-woman? — I discarded the austere supposition, for its vulgarity.

By-and-by, half the inmates of the hotel having arrived,—waiters and watchman, master and maid, I was pronounced to belong to the premises, and respectable!

But if escaping the indignity of a charge for felonious intentions, I was still jeered, reproved, reproached, and eyed as a curiosity ; as if this luckless trespass into another's nest, must needs have a design in it ; as if accident could not give occasion to it ; as if I could have helped it : but motley morality is suspicious, and wickedly perverse in judgment. The unforgiving fury, whom I was supposed to have insulted, withdrew with the crowd of titterers, as I crawled out, shrunken, darkling, and huddled in a blanket, to my room, attended by the waiters and the master, who all looked as if laughing heartily in their sleeves.

My persecutions did not end here. I was threatened with an action for damaging a reputation, and when I attempted to give the only construction the affair would carry, and affirmed I was innocent as a

child of every harm, her opinion and aversion to the contrary was so inveterately fixed, it was evident my eloquent pleadings would advantage me nothing. I was pressed to make an offer of my hand and estates, as the very least thing I could do to compliment and conciliate the offended dignity of the fair! but in truth, I was afraid she might accept it; for she had passed the rubicon without knowing the felicity of marriage, and she had never had the beauty which captivates the eye, and the beguiling gentleness which enchains the heart. No wonder that she was yet husbandless. Who could have lived in peace with such a crusty innamorato? *I* made her no offer.

It was impossible for me to remain at Malvern after all this. I was the observed of everybody, the talk of the place,

the butt of boobies, the tittle-tattle of the fair; and the few with whom I had formed a watering-place familiarity, by their jests and looks, either pitied or reproached. Pity I did not want, reproach I did not deserve. It was more than my strength could endure, and as early as it could be accomplished—for Silver was yet at Cheltenham—I decided to escape from a persecution which resulted entirely from my being without the attendance of my servant, or rather, from my not being at all times, and in all places, self-dependent. He who bored me most was an impudent puppy of a red-coat, who spoke of me as “the old gentleman—sometimes, goose—found in the gosling’s bed.” It was legitimate game, I allow; but some of these juvenile sprouts have Satan’s pride, and the audacity and principle of Turpin; and they have so degener-

ated and effeminated since the war, that they think it, forsooth, beneath them to talk to a merchant or a man of business, forgetting they are quartered on the pockets of these very men, without whom, their country and their avocation would soon go to the dogs.

I left Malvern; its very name became execrable! I hated it! I hate it to this day.

CHAPTER VI.

“What is to be the next fashionable medicinal delusion?”

Medico-Chir. Review.

I ROSE up, like the Eastern King after he had watered the earth with the tears of his grief, after a night of repose and a journey of scores of miles;—I rose up, renewed and delighted, feeling as if I had escaped from a bed of scorpions.

There is a heroism of the closet, as well as of the field; it is the genial and holy

struggle of the soul, in secret and in silence, with the gigantic ills, haps, and insults, that test its virtue, try its fortitude, and prove its worthiness, in its daily intercourse with the world's foibles and fiends; and in my estimation, he is great and good, who stands with heroic devotion, conscious of self-power, silent among his scoffers, aloof from his tempters, heedless of contumely, cant, or calumny, and profoundly reckless who unjustly praises or who unjustly blames.

The calumny which had pursued me, I despised. The temptations besetting me, I avoided. They were the indulgences which wealth purchases for the caressed favourites of fortune; those which made the Roman, at last, inferior to the barbarian he had conquered. I never leaned to dissipation, but I have sometimes said, my lot

might have been happier had I been the victim of conviviality—an epicurean, sacrificing time, temper, and taste, at the shrine of luxury,—dividing night and day between bed, board, and bottle ; better even all this, than to live on, as I then lived — a self-tormentor, the football of fancy, a dreamer of dreams, a creator of ills which made me sometimes, like poor Swift, in the end of life—a driveller and a show. What a creature is man! How fickle! Talk of the caprice of women, indeed; the inconstancy of April—why, I can tell you a tale — *sed non Ædipus sum!*

Some persons believe what they hear implicitly : just like children, they never analyze thought, word, or deed ; they never look at the motive which agitates the soul, or ask the secret of their confidence in

blind guides, but following, like zealots, accept opinions, act upon them, and adore with the rigid and arid devotion of bigotry. So did I cling to anything that promised me help in my trouble; but I was a solitary being on the face of the earth, with much wealth and no kindred, no sympathies but general ones, and no great or small responsibilities.

I had been told by an hydropathist, the same who lectured me on drinking champagne, which, being a combustible and exhausting agent, was fatal, in the long run, and the same who thawed my antipathy to cold water—an antipathy dating from the dippings and washings of an old aunt, who soused me in my nonage; I had been told the water system was a great cure. Pindar says, the best thing is water; the next, gold. I had the latter, and was ready to exchange

it for the best thing! I had been preached into it by those who had been healed; and my friend, whom my ugly bed-chamber adventure severed from me, had often overwhelmed me with authorities. There is a Greek proverb which says, the waters of the sea cure all ills; and Pythagoras, and Hippocrates, and Virgil; and Pliny, who mentions the cure of Horace by cold water; and Celsus, and Galen, and Short, and Currie, and Hoffman, and Claridge, and last, not least, Priessnitz, have, with divers others, (well-disposed persons,) advocated Adam's chosen drink. I had been told it cured every infirmity, and I believed it. The enthusiast's ardour had kindled the fire of confidence within me, and my faith from the first was as sincere as that of credulous ignorance in the monarch's touch, in the darkest ages.

I travelled to one of the most renowned of hydropathic establishments in the kingdom; and being there settled, my ears tingling with the miracles of Graefenberg, I was impatient to undergo the prescribed regimen, for it promised well; and the prurient imagination craves for something definite to cling to, and detests being put on a vague scent or an unpromising trail.

The chief doctor entered me, early; and entered, indeed, most obligingly, into the verity of my complaint; and, like others whom I had consulted, positively pronounced my case, not only curable, but a mere nothing; implying thereby, it is presumed, that I should be soon restored. Good news is ever welcome. I was delighted, encouraged, and my expectations received pabulum from the flying tales in circulation; how one and another had been

imported halt, lame, ill, infirm of purpose, and blind, and had gone away crutchless and cheerful, round and sound.

Such cheering tales have a wonderful effect on the sick; they are comfortable comforters; and they rejoice and shake off their ills in a trice, as a lion does the dew-drop from his mane, when a dainty novelty absorbs the current of thought and feeling.

It is a law that contraries are produced from contraries, strong from weak, heat from cold, and the reverse. Let none be astonished, then, since extremes produce the like effects, if diseases seemingly opposite be cured by the same resorts; for there is nothing strange in it, save to the ignorance which is easily taken with chaff. I premise, not to prepare for a condemnation with a skittish candour, nor to condemn,

for there is nothing of the kind intended, but rather in the approving spirit which reconciles the odds and ends of every means of cure, by believing that, "what is one's meat is another's poison." The carping gall of ill-nature has been evacuated, and how it left me, and when it was done, shall be revealed hereafter. Suffice it to know, O reader, that I am yet vigorous, and ready to run a race with that delightful companion, Christopher North, for a plum.

Faith is said to make the sick whole. Experience proves the proverb; for my infirmities always returned as faith dwindled; growing small by degrees, less, and to nothing. I started no argument against the doctrine, but underwent it, as a lamb does the shearing. And, indeed, looking back to my probation in hydropathy, I see

no reason to regret subjection to its routine, for it furnished me some useful hints in taste, temper, and general usage, which have added much to the comforts of life. Not the least important of these is the cold sponging, friction, and water-drinking; and the plain fare, which is worthy the attention of all who, like the Venetian noble, would prolong life, and render it useful, hale, and painless.

Two nights after settling among the merry disciples of cold water, I was enveloped, hermetically, in a coarse blanket, from chin to toes, tucked in and covered by a bed of down. There, and thus, close as in a coffin, hot as in an oven, roasting, burning, fuming, I endured it, till the luxury of a profuse transpiration changed pain into pleasure. Then followed the immersion, and the ruddy lobster-redness,

which is hailed as the touchstone of a healthy reaction. I was bettered, grateful, and contented, and, with Gross, pronounced the benignant magician, Priessnitz, a prodigy! But this was not to last. After surveying the grounds, beautifully laid out in bowered paths and foot-walks, verdant vistas, and rustic temples, with woods and hills covering a plain watered by a silvery stream, and after feeling at home with the curiosities, the lions, the place, and the people, I was upset by the mention of a name. It was Malvern! I sighed for a corner in the farthest boundary of the earth; for fancy whispered that the luckless accident of the wrong bed had pursued me, with a Falkland vengeance, to persecute me here. My nerves were irritablized! Again I was a hypochondriac, infirm and helpless.

What is a hypochondriac, if not one who has no faith in himself, nor, indeed, in any one else, for two hours together? It is a state of being without a sense of security; a perpetual suspense, an expectation, a dread of an inevitable evil. There is nothing so hard to endure, and no state which excites so little pity from those whose sagacity perceives its weakness without feeling its pain. Dejected, I lay a-bed, tormented by the appearance of pimples on my silver skin, while the very air effected an electric shiver. Silver roused; I cowered; the doctor, missing my face or fees, came to startle apprehensions with new assurances, and I implored a medicine, in the words of Macbeth, to restore my wits. "Water," said he, "is the remedy." He complimented me on having had a feverish night, and on the spots, and I accepted it

as the irony of a savage, till he explained that the spotted fever paved the way for a salutary crisis. In a day or two it came out in bumps and carbuncles, of all sizes and colours, and poor Job was not sorer in his sorrow. But there was a consolation in the affliction; for a crisis is the step-stone to a cure, and evidence of health resuming her empire. The Malvern fancy was a mere bugbear, and I was reassured.

What a spell is that assurance! Before it, fears, ills, the panic of the soul, dissipate. The mists of night are not chased more fairly from the hills and shores, by the god of day. A name! Is there nothing in a name? It is everything, or nothing. A name infuses joy, or terror, or the highest courage, in an unit or an army, making the face kindle with light, or blank with a veil of gloom. Absence, and presence; small is

the change, great the effect. The physician who enters the house of sorrow where sickness has fallen, suddenly as a rocket shoots up to the sky, is welcome as an angel would be, bearing a message of peace. His name gave the announcement, "no danger," half its weight and all its virtue: his expressions were watched breathlessly, features noted, gestures read, and when the assuring eye and voice betokened the confident diagnosis, with what rapture did fear vanish, while hope burst into blossom in the grieving bosom of self-love. Those who have felt the transitions from despair to confidence will appreciate the change, and require no moving arguments to prove, "how those who can do much, can do little;" how delightful it is.'

I was again subjected to a sweating blanket, a douche, a friction; the latter of

which discipline was at first irksome, but in a few days endured like a Spartan: I imbibed Thracian draughts of cold water, Atlantic draughts of it, though of erst I eschewed it as a moist poison; and as my huge susceptibility of cold vanished, I strengthened in strength; was invigorated and surprised amazingly at my appetite and animal elasticity. I improved approvingly, praised the remedy, voted a statue of bronze to the Silesian, gave guineas and a gold snuff-box to my doctor, and designed to spread the fame of the water-cure, far and near, with my own tongue. The afflicted were to be advised not to lie under their load, like a camel, in the nineteenth century, but to come hither, to be watered, wetted, and cured. They did come!—yes—accordingly, and blessed me as their benefactor. I say this, as a fact, in favour and in

praise of a mode which, judiciously used, has proved most providential and healthy to thousands.

But my period of peace and pastime was too short; like the honeymoon, it wasted and waned too soon. Mine was not a curable evil, or, so to speak, one which requires the agency of time, and oftentimes an entire life. Patience exhausts with waiting, and fatigue grows from the seeds of vacuity, and my real weakness and want was mental employment. I could not read, nor bear to think, nor register my thoughts, nor use common sense to batter follies, and I seemed to have consumed every novelty, for I knew all the modes, all the dishes of the dietary and Hygiene, all the odd sensations, comforts, and discomforts, of all the baths, bathings, and rubbings, all the visitors, all the officials, all the holes and

corners, tricks and turns of the establishment, and was in the unhappy predicament of the poor man who, having learned everything, and panting still for more knowledge, unable to supply his want, plunged by water into eternity. I abhorred the example! Alexander, having conquered the world, wept for something more to conquer; and where were the wise men that they did not point out the grand field of self-conquest? Often, as I felt I had mastered my disease, or was on the eve of doing so—the very success created a vacuum which reproduced it. Corporeally well, mentally ill, following the routine with slackened pace, the phantoms of disease haunted me, and hope and faith, by turns, triumphed and expired. By day I struggled with my weakness, by night I dreamed dreams. If I took a douche-bath I fancied I was set upon, the same night,

by the water-demon in Undine, or that I was a foaming cascade shooting over an immovable rock; to the fountains at its base,—Irish girls, pictures of symmetry and Celtic beauty, resorted to fill their pitchers; or, if I drank much and bathed, I was a standing water-tub for chattering washerwomen. Going to bed after a cold dip, or with umschlags around my stomach, I was converted into a pulpy mass, from which water issued forth continually. This was abominable! This was more than English fortitude could endure—and loath as I have ever been to make an oath, after the recurrence of these ghosts of fancy, with the relation of cause and effect, I was near swearing, in a fit of wrath, I would not make my interior a water-tank, or my exterior a breakwater again. Such dreams are unnatural! Nature rebelled; Nature seemed to say, I was made

for more animal purposes; and the seer informed me, "that water was no porridge remedy to be trifled with, imprudently; that I had drank too much, and bathed without rule or reason." Reproved by the wise, I was silent. A furious headach followed. It was attributed to a dose of Welsh snuff. What could possess me to take it? An old lady tendered her box as we sat together under a tree, and though I had foreknowledge of its evil tendency, I could not refuse a dilection! It was an idle deed; but I had that idleness which is as much the crime of the rich, as poverty is the crime of the poor. The one is starved by want, the other bored by inanity. Ennui is as killing to endure as hard work; I was harnessed to it, and without a hearty acquaintance to echo a thought, a pinch of snuff from a lady's box was an item of infinite con-

sideration in the day's work of a time-killer.

For this I was ordered a sitting-bath daily at one o'clock, and a head-bath at five. There was I—while the sun was in the meridian of noon glory, sitting in a shallow tub of cold water, contented as Diogenes basking in the beams of day, reading “Now and Then,” or “A Woman's History,” with the delight with which Dr. Chalmers sometimes lived and breathed in the land of romance: or, at five I was lying on my back, *in extenso*, with my head in a bowl of icy fluid; supine, I watched the flies dancing in the air. It was delightful while the indulgence lasted, and the idea of being cured was entertaining; but the day I was cured the mind lost the common centre around which it had gathered every thought and every feeling, and, thrown on its own re-

sources, having none, it revelled, like an idle schoolboy, in mischief, without mercy. To be ill was agreeable, for it held out the anticipation of getting well. Well and idle, I was miserable :

“ More wretched than an ancient villin,
Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling.”

One night, after I became painless, I was disturbed by the howling of a dog : a dog baying the moon is said to signify something serious. It was anticipated at once, and the next day brought me two evils, a death, and a suicide ! The latter was committed in the room next to mine, and I was frightened into fits by making the discovery. Summoned by the Coroner, I could not flee. The other distress was a black letter, which brought me the hapless news of the demise of the young lady whom I had crossed and admired at Malvern, near St. Anne's

Well! “Good God!” said I, “dead—and so young! How strange is our fate! youth blooms but to perish.”

Her friend wrote me her history; he described her as being, if anything, more lovely in mind than in person—in both bewitching. I felt an interest in her from knowing her guardian, who was from my county, and also for her resemblance to a beauty—the only one I had really adored in my youth. Whether the water suited her case or not, I cannot tell, but under its discipline—*here* was I, left—old and hale—while she was taken;—lately so gay, young, and beautiful, serene and promiscful! But now dead! To think of it was to grieve. Her guardian anathematized Priessnitz, whom he denounced as “the Water Demon,” with as much reason, perhaps, as others upcry him as “the good angel of Graefenberg!”

Why should we mourn for those who are taken from us? Why, when we so often deplore that we are left *where* we are?

“ Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.”

Having given my evidence, I determined, under the persuasions of Silver, to go to Brighton for a change, and my physician also so advised me. He was a very honourable fellow, and candidly informed me that I had an excellent constitution ; that I was disturbed in mind sometimes from changing too suddenly from an active to a passive life ; that I wanted an occupation ; that a bath now and then, and water-drinking, would give me a benefit, and that Brighton would suit my condition as well as Bridgewater.

CHAPTER VII.

“Gentlemen or ladies when they have once eaten of the insane root, when they have once declared their faith in humbug, are beyond the reach of logic.”
—*Fuller*.

HYDROPATHY, for the time, was used up; there was no longer anything in it, new or entertaining, for one who lived upon novelty.

Every hypochondriac will go the round of the watering places at home and abroad, and if he have a full purse and a warm imagination, he *will* also consult every physician of eminence and every empiric, and with

the zest of a zealot try experimentally every new cure-all remedy, or mode, which the wit and wisdom of the wise and the wicked have cunningly devised for the public's good and their own. He consumes time chasing a phantom; if discovered it spoils his sport or cures his folly, and it might be discovered any moment of life by the use of those senses with which he has been provided to make his own paradise.

My readers may complain of my complaints, and say I detail verbosely; but a good end has been held a justification for ugly resorts, and my end must be my apology.

“ Some people use their health, an ugly trick,
In telling you how oft they have been sick.”

It is an ugly trick, I allow, and one that should not prevail, except for the world's advantage; but I have the laudable design

in hand of giving understanding to the simple, and have therefore some right to a Christian indulgence.

If you have any ailment, the dyspepsy or the catalepsy, if you chance to mention it in any coffee-room in the kingdom, such is the refined good nature of our community, some one or other approaches you who has been afflicted in the same way, and who has been half-cured by some method which he eloquently describes and advises you to try. To be carried away by this sort of gossip is to be the most inconstant of mortals, and yet it is the fate of the sick and the occupation of the idlers of the community.

Having settled at the Old Hotel, Brighton, lacking an appetite for breakfast, I mentioned my ills, when a galvanist and homœopathist came to the rescue. The latter was the last speaker, and, like poor Wilber-

force, being a waverer, troubled and tossed by every tempest, I was carried away by the last speech. He had been recently cured and converted, and spoke with the chaste intemperance of a neophyte. I believed his tales, and that the art was innocent of harm; and he applauded my design to try it forthwith.

“The dawn of reason,” said he,—his eye kindled with fire,—“is at hand; it was Hahnemann who introduced this daughter of light into the temple of medical science and the republic of knowledge.”

What a season, thought I, our sage men of science have been groping and floundering in the dark! But come when it will—a good discovery never comes too soon; and it is but rational to make the most of a good market.

By his advice I made a beginning by

turning to Mr. Chepmell's book, where I gleaned something of their cyphers and numerals; but contracting for this diligent author's industry the disrelish one has for a stale oyster, I turned to Currie as the better expositor of the science of infinitism. I fancied they did not practice exactly as they preached, for having purchased "a box of business," I saw the doses were anything but examples of infinitude. I was provided with some scores of becoming little bottles! This, said I, my hand on the box, contains a specific for every ill that comes to us, by accident or inheritance! Beautiful as strange; a good for every evil in a little box. A whole apothecary's shop, I had, for a few guineas! And having seized upon my symptoms with avidity, I treated them with a remedy. I took the remedy as a hungry dog will a bone, delightedly. But this amus-

ing luxury ceased to bear the delicious fruit of pleasure after a day or two, and from sick and sorry I did not alter for the better.

Sick and sorry was I in that delightful Brighton, where the really ill and fanciful go to slip their doctors! I gave up the tedium of perusing a mystery, and the design of doctoring my own *maladie*, and feasting my eyes on the world of wights and waters; on the rugged line of shingly shore; on the plebeian bathers, boys and girls, carried to their bath by brawny fellows; on the disgraceful offences and offenders seen through a glass,—on the cliffs, on the dwellings, on the folks, grave and gay; on the noodles, geese, and gulls, gathered there, to broil on the parade,—I mused and thought: pensively mused! Oh, it was May; that delicious month of roses and beauties, when all nature seems

to glory in the pride of youth, in the pomp of bloom and blossom! O, sweet May, thou art always youthful! But no longer young, what had I to do with youth?

I was thinking of human infirmities in an oriel window at the Old Ship, and purposing a visit to Brill's, when an old friend came up and tapped me gaily on the top of the left shoulder.

He was struck; I saw it! I looked ill! He said so; and I thanked him, in my dejection, for I do like a plain, blunt speaker. A friend, if true, is like a looking-glass! Looking in the glass, I was frightened to behold my pale, sunken, hippocratic, earth-coloured picture. It was not the same I used to see, it was not the face I used to cut with the razor, and I censured Hydropathy! He took me to his physician, whose directions were confined

to diet and exercise. He was eloquent. I was pleased, and visited him again! So far so good! Macbeth was right, when he cast physic to the dogs. So will I; for Nature is (so I said) the very kindest of mothers; and when she ceases to minister her restorative milk to her old or young bantlings, of what use are physicians? The best of them are, *then*, worth nothing. Let me tread the flowery path of hope and promise; that, and to philander in the green bowers of anticipation, is a luxury! To be beguiled by delusive expectations from day to day—fancy's unutterable things—is the charm of youth and the chase of age; and while the pursuit lasted—ever, ever—all the world was to me a Paradise to dwell in.

I had been advised to read; I read a book on physic; the ravages of every dis-

ease were appropriated to myself with a luckless celerity. What I read in the day besieged my mind by night, appearing in my dreams, till I was as confused as a puzzled witness worried by an Old Bailey barrister. From one rock I fell foul of another; for at this juncture I met again with my Hahnemannic friend, who inoculated me anew with the doctrines of his school, and implored me, "on my own account," to become a disciple. I submitted to his superior judgment. I went with him, a little timid! As a lovely girl goes to the altar, so I went to his Galen.

I was ordered to take care of myself, because I had a psoric malady. It was treated with less than the millionth part of a grain of the *pansy violet* (*viola tricolor*), which was subsequently superseded by the billionth of a grain of *sulphur*. I re-

ported myself with becoming diligence while under the influence of these potent remedies; and all things appeared to progress quietly, till one night, coming from the theatre, I took a pain in the right ankle, which distressed me beyond measure. It was bathed with *arnica*, but in spite of the remedy,—by the force of sympathy or some other force, the like pain came into the other leg. This reminded me of the smart epigram of the Duchess of Maine:—

“ A Port Royal shoe-black who had one lame leg,
To make both alike, the Lord’s favour did beg;
Heaven listened, and straightway a miracle came,
For quickly he rose up with both his legs lame.”

I prayed for no such thing, but the doctor said it was the very thing he wanted. I attended him and he attended me; the difference being, in my giving him money while he only gave me advice; on

one occasion, also, he gave me the thousandth part of a grain of *aconite*, which sent me to sleep: on another, I was ordered the billionth of the same! Think of that, ye gormandizers, who are not satisfied with a little, and who will persist in taking—pills by the score, and draughts three a-day! Think of it; the billionth part of a grain! Think of that! The magnitude of a bit so small astonished me at first, and I heard of it with wonder, and felt mightily relieved after every little dose. But use is second nature, and it was the nature of my complaint to make every charm useless by the use of it.

My doctor was yet confident of his undertaking,—certain of working me well! His power of miracles seemed to me exhausted, or else mine was an obstinate sore; and growing irritable, as one will under

much persecution, by way of amusement, I went with a friend to old Mahomet's. This black gentleman was *then* nearly as famous a curiosity as his namesake, whom half the world worships with such devotion. He was a standing *fun* for a morning call, and near a century in age. He saw at once I was in misery, and offered to give me ease! I took it kindly, and listened while he told us his history. Othello's was hardly more romantic. He had been bred and born in the hot-bed of adventures; he had served in the Indian army, and fought, hand to hand, with the bravest of the Eastern sons; he had been in a score of battles on the Ganges and Brahmapootia, and had cured his tens of thousands here, where he had settled to devote his energies to humanity. He needs no advertisement. He took us to his kitchen to behold what trophies he had,

what miracles he had worked, what a magazine of evidence he had by him of his capacity, what testimonials LORDS, LADIES, and GENTLEMEN had left him; silent but eloquent witnesses of his potency in the art of healing. Crutches, splints, straps, irons, instruments of help, used by the halt, lame, crooked, infirm, of every grade, bore witness to the truth of his details. Royalty, the princes, the nobles, and the poor, were alike his patrons. Unasked, he prescribed me a bathing and shampooing, with the use of a particular oil—very precious, scarce, and expensive! But I staved off with a warm bath, which eased me decidedly.

Post hoc ergo propter hoc, is the usual argument of ignorance. After my visit to Mahomet's I could walk, while before that I was carried in a Bath chair, daily, to the finest promenade in the world. This Ro-

man monument of the enterprise of the Brighton Corporation is unequalled, in either hemisphere, in extent and magnificence. The voice of the sea was music to my ear, and my sunrise visits—sunrise is the hour for health—were not the less genial for the reigning stillness of that early hour. The health and pleasure-seeking idlers were all in bed! Hydropathy had hardened my skin; and, like George the Third, I like the smell of the morning air, when the sunbeams are kissing the dew-drops of night from the rose, hawthorn, and oak-leaf. With a clear horizon, go to the Great Cliff, O, ye health-seekers, at day-break, when the breeze is pure, smokeless, and refreshing; when the ugly and broken shore is being covered by the sea: the magnificent and varied view will prove more exhilarating *then* than at noon or eve, when

vanity and luxury pour forth their bilious faces, decked in vain with the gorgeous finery of fashion, and the fruitless frippery of wealth. But, Nature's lover will find almost everything at Brighton artificial! It is the panorama of artificial life: even its water is manufactured; and as for the district, it is barren—almost desolate.

There is not a more agreeable way of spending an hour there than in the indulgence of that eastern luxury—a bath. The rooms are capital for a morning gossip. The relief I had received haunted me, and the pains I had still taunted me to try the resort again. During my third visit, the old Indian insisted I should be shampooed, and he introduced a huge Egyptian to perform the ceremony. I was half inclined to yield, offered little resistance; resisted like a maid who wishes to be won; and so the

fellow set about me without a preface. The temperature of the chamber made me perspire, for it was 100 Fahrenheit, and made to rise higher and higher.

Out of a warm bath, supple as a bladder of oil, I was laid out on a mattress, and kneaded from head to heels with a force that astonished me. I feared, finding the fellow cracked my joints like a whip; I feared greatly. But knees, ears, and ankles yielded to his dexterity readily; and it seemed as if pain had passed from me under the touch of a magic wand. My fears ceased, and I found my head twisted, as a savage housewife would a chicken's, without surprise; but I thought of Moore's man, beheaded, who got the wrong one in the scramble for heads. I am subject to the mesmeric influence, and believe I must have been under it at this time, for my resigna-

tion was complete, and gave the performer to whose care I was consigned perfect liberty to treat me as he pleased; and when I found him sitting on my chest, as if on a squab, I merely smiled in his face, when in ordinary, I believe, I should have smitten him seriously on the cheek. He had now cracked all my joints, kneaded, rubbed, rasped, and polished me from crown to sole, dibbing, dabbing, and dibbling every part with a nice precision; a nicety truly astonishing. Presently I was conveyed, in the politest manner, into a room, dressed after the fashion of a grand Turk's divan. I reclined in a velvet reverie, dreaming, sipping sherbet, and smoking (a performance I had never entered upon before) a most delicious cigar. I was, i' faith, in the Malvolio vein.

It is said that Hafiz, the Persian nightin-

gale, wrote the sweetest of his songs after being shampooed. I can believe it, for it made me a composer at once; and, while composing, I felt as if I had passed the rubicon of woe, and entered into paradise; I felt as if imbued with a new and enduring flush of animal spirits, and as if a perfect serenity of mind blessed me for the first time in my life, and rendered me capable of achieving anything and everything. It was quite delightful; and, after a season of happiness, I moved me from my couch, from my supine position, and standing before a large pier-glass to survey my altitude and proportions, what was my astonishment—what was my indignation, to discover that the fellow had dressed me *à la* Turque. Angry and disgusted, I could have wept. I stamped, I swore, by Maho-

met and the Rhamadan, it was an insult; a most foul and unnatural insult.

When the darky appeared, I could have ran at him to kick his legs, but feared his strength, for he was built like a Hercules. "*He thought massa had like to hab de smoke in dish loose garments.*" He thought! He had had the audacity to think! and to act up to it! I demanded my own apparel, cursing his impudence for dressing me in such a trim without my foreknowledge and consent. I was never so deranged before; but when he presented my old clothes—my old clothes—there is something so familiar and genial about a worn and favourite suit, such a sweet touch of friendship, that I was restored at once to my habitual serenity. A boy who has lost his kit from the river's bank while bathing, could hardly

have discovered them, hidden by a wag under the hedge, with more delight than I greeted mine. I cast from me the Cashmere shawl, scented with odour of rose, which had turbaned my silvered head, and with a vulgar kick—a forgetfulness of my dignity, which reproaches me now in the lapse of time—I kicked aside the outlandish gear; the slippers, the abominable inexpressibles and girdle, the linen robe, the entire suit, as if defiling to the touch, or to wear the like—defiling to the body, threw and sinew, of a British islander.

As I walked away in my old clothes and shoes, the old Hindoo shook my hand fervently, and taking hold of my favourite staff, he claimed it as the trophy of victory—a bloodless victory—achieved over the malignant and dire infirmity of Peter Elder, Esquire; and I have since learned that my

gold-headed stick is now pointed out, among the collection of the like gracing his hall, to every visitor he entertains with his excellent stories.

My doctor had called upon me once or twice when I was out. It was very friendly of him, and really civil. Being civilly disposed, and my own master, I resolved to return his calls. Without a crutch or staff I entered his room one day, and he hailed me with a smiling countenance. After a cheering welcome, he tapped his Cleopatra snuff-box with delight, gave a huge pinch to his nose, and, in a tone of harmony, said: "*He saw how it was. I was cured! He knew how it would be, and could have staked his life on the issue—on the aconite!*"

Unhappy man! I saw how it was too! He took the credit of my recovery, and I

felt it was almost spiteful, a cruel pity, to spoil his pastime ; but murder will out, so will truth, and I was immovably convinced the bath and shampooing had disembogued my disorder.

“ Now,” said he, “ you can do me all the kindness in the world, all the service imaginable ; your name is a fortune—fame and fortune !”

“ With all my heart,” said I, feeling my name to a cheque on the Liverpool Bank would be a fortune to the possessor ; “ I am delighted to oblige anybody.”

“ I knew it, sir ; I knew it ! Benevolence is written legibly where every eye can read it.”

He was overlooking me ! His eyes were roving over the top of my head. Poor soul ! he was also rushing to the verge of a precipice, and I was therefore doomed to

push him over it, over—and into the whirlpool below.

“ I am writing a book,” said he, pointing out a manuscript with unfeigned delight. It was evident that his book was a great expectation!—fame, fortune!

“ Most physicians do so,” said I; “ it is the royal road to practice; to write a book, or cure a duchess!”

“ Not for mere practice either,” colouring proudly; “ but I wish to convince those who are in the wrong of their error.”

“ A most laudable and sublime design!”

“ Well, some give drugs as if they were the salt of sickness, the life of the blood. Hippocrates did no such thing with the few drugs he used, but even he had no idea of dynamization, trituration, and succussion—knew nothing of the vital electricity they impart to a molecule.”

“Very likely,” said I; puzzled exceedingly by his three hard words, which I supposed to be dog latin. He explained that they related to the particular mode of preparing medicines, a mode by which their specific sagacity was brought forth; and that in this mode of preparation consisted the great, the magnificent, the immense secret of Hahnemann’s discovery. The doses were vitalized, made electric, endowed with a particular life, an azotic elixir; by virtue of which they changed the whole human mass—head, trunk, and extremities. I was at a loss to understand him! I was doomed to be lost in the mazes of his theoretic labyrinth, the gatherings and particulars of which he propounded, as if he had given it his profoundest attention; and when I was at last obliged to call him back, from his arcane pursuit, from his wanderings in a

region of darkness, to things visible and tangible, he thanked me for my attention, and concluded a long speech by saying, I should confer the last obligation on him, on the millions who walk in benighted ignorance, on a derided science, on mankind, on my country, on the world, by detailing the history of my case from the very beginning, its course and its cure, and appending my name of renown thereunto! "Gad's my life," said I, aside, "he intends to advertise me! I would as soon be described in 'the Hue and Cry!'" I grew faint under the idea of it! I could not bear to be advertised, as one of the wonderful and happy mortals on whom the new mode had wrought a miracle!

Never shall I forget the change of tone and temper which came over him, never shall I forget the look of blank dejection

and disappointed surprise which came over him, never shall I forget how he gathered into a heap, when I told him how I had been cured. The change was affecting! It was a sore pity to dash his dream to pieces like a pitcher cast on a stone—a pity to take the nectar from his lips! But I love the truth and I hate the devil! I told him a secret; that I had put his remedies aside, finding them of little use, and had been bathed, shampooed, and healed. He was cut down, hope-blasted; in silence he wriggled, took a pinch of snuff, grew paler, and stared me in the face, as if he would not believe me.

“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

I pitied him; he was a young man! I offered him my purse, under the plea of fees; he pushed it from him, as if a toad!

I pitied him; saw my absence would alone restore his ease, and proposed to make him comfortable by wishing him good-bye. He seemed gratified by this change, and I parted with this sincere disciple of Hahnemann's with a feeling of respect and regret.

Fontenelle said, a physician should have eloquence! He had it as a gift, and the fire of a gay imagination lit his brilliant eye and countenance; there was an honest earnestness, too, in all he said, which placed him high in your esteem, and above the order of lucre-lovers! No one of the least discernment could take him to belong to that despicable herd of unpardonable charlatans, who sacrifice health and happiness, recklessly, hideously, at the altar of avarice!

I have nothing to say against homœo-

pathy, except that, like every other mode, it did me no good, beyond being the harmless amusement of the hour. Reading Dickson's fallacies upset my faith in it; but I still believe it an innocent system for those who are always ill, and the business of whose life is taking physic. To me, homœopathy looks like allopathy—reformed too far—and spoiled by the reform! Its rules are too rigid and routine, and its motto is a deceit, which will not bear the test of practical inquiry. A Parisian Curé, who cured such numbers with coloured water, has shown us how much the mind does, and how little medicine is required, except to entertain us.

In momentous cases, the virtue of a remedy is tested and proved; it is then the knowledge which discerns the rock and the whirlpool, and the course between—it

is then the pilot who *can* direct, is invaluable. Hahnemann, as Motte the American avers, was one of the most original thinkers and scientific men of his age; but he who adopts a hobby, like Toby Shandy, will be likely to carry it into strange extremes, and when it is gravely recorded that a grain of charcoal, of inconceivable minuteness, taken by a classic physician, making himself the subject of such serious experiments, produced an itch in one place, a blush in another, and a rash in a third; and that if the said little dose had not been taken, the aforesaid rash, blush, and itch would not have appeared; does he not approach the pinnacle of absurdity, and shall he not be pardoned for it, if that cool creature—Reason, look the old gentleman in the face with a jocose smile? Look you—long direction of the mind to a sub-

ject, without a *material* 'vantage ground, renders it either fatuous, or its conclusions infinitely dilute. So I fancy.

But some persons are fully persuaded there is something in it. Let its advocates have a fair field, then—for truth will prevail. “It is the duty of every medical man, I feel,” says Mr. Kingdom, in *The Lancet*, October 15, 1836, “to look into it, for it is certain, either that a number of cases do better without medicine than with, or that these imaginable doses of carefully prepared medicines do impress the nerves so as to influence the actions of life.”

I shall not give opinions, for my book is one of confessions, look you—and I cannot decide on the relation between specificity and similarity, on the generation of a vitalism, like fire from wood, by mere friction or division, on single medication, on the

speculations of the founders of sects; those unquiet things, whose arguments are as troublesomè to reckon up as the seeds of a fig. But if I know anything about it, I fancy he is an accomplished physician who acts by reason, not by rule, who has not bound himself to run in anybody's harness, who knows what he is doing, and prudently does what he knows! But even thus, in spite of wisdom and the uses of the wise, every new mode and every new remedy will wade over head and ears into the ocean of absurdity, and by and by come out again approved by the touchstone of experience, to take its place according to its relative importance. It has ever been thus! Have not the anæsthetics, ether and chloroform, been overdone? Is it not the case with homœopathy and hydropathy? They have attained a position they cannot

keep, a fame they cannot sustain, a name for efficiency beyond their range—but still they have a merit! And to counterbalance the evils they have wrought, they have served the public and the profession; the one, by revealing the great utility of water to preserve and cure us; and the other, by revealing the worse than inutility, the harm, of overdosing the sick, and with how little medicine grave ills may be cured.

CHAPTER VIII.

“In the treatment of nervous diseases he is the best physician who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.”—*Coleridge*.

I BELIEVE, with poor Keats, that claret is the wine for queens, and the queen of wines. It is luscious, feverless, delicious; one can venture upon a good draught of it! I drank it at the old inn—but Brighton was “used up;” and if I had remained there I was doomed to become a claret-man, if not a dicer; habits more infamous than poverty.

Having heard from Silver's abominable wife, and others, that there used to be a mushroom in the fens, of infinite value in splenetic complaints, after a lugubrious day, I decided to seek it. Went down, despite a furious hurricane, to Lincolnshire, in pursuit of this gymnospermous mushroom—after an enormous expense and serious search, found it was not authentic; found it was not in Persoon's arrangement, or in the fens, and protested vigorously that I had been duped and done! I insisted there was some design in it; quarrelled with the woman thereon, and was beaten without being convinced. After much fatigue, with infinite languor, reached town, and spent a month in discussing the prospect of trying the German waters. All this time at M.'s hotel! Dull days—sleepless nights.

What was I to do with my time? with

myself?—Nothing to do! Melancholy condition! What a pity I was not born a stupid idiot, insensible to care and caution; a reckless rake or inaccurate spendthrift—with a turn for politics, or those choice diversions, so English, the pit, the turf, the stable, or the gaming house? Something—anything—than this unbroken nothingness. Inaction pillages the soul of its joy. I had only to get up, dress, dine, doze, dream, drive, drink, and lie down. What a life for the wonder-work of the earth—Man! How like a pig's! How very animal! It hurts me to think of it now, for such a despicable life looks even more *infamous* than the infamy of poverty.

I gave a few dinners; my friends were few, and they seemed sometimes, or so I foolishly suspected, to make a game of me; a butt, as the free-witted will. I was

once a merry soul, and they said of me as Hamlet did of Yorick; "Alas! where be your flashes of merriment now?" I lost all relish for the morning paper; and the exquisite tit-bits and brilliant atticisms of *Punch* were soon charmless. It is a certain sign of a low and morbid life to exhibit such signs; and yet I *did* eat my breakfast voraciously, but like a mope, without the affinities; heedless of to-day and to-morrow; heedless of the births and deaths, the married and to be married. But I was deplorably ready to shed my venom in debate on the whole human race for the merest trespass or smallest provocation. Indigestion and disappointment made every pleasure an irksome endurance. Still I lived on; vegetated; went through the routine of the day, the walking, talking, eating, and drinking; a sad and miserable cynic. I

tried and cut society by fits, mingled with a few political associates of my own school, "The great Manchester," but they were not of my gothography, eyed me with a side look, of uncomplimentary meaning, as I verily believed—and also, occasionally, talked on subjects out of my range—new to me; and I felt as if among strangers, or in a foreign country; or as if I had outlived my generation.

Like Philip Mordaunt, cousin german to the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, I was at last seized with a disgust for life, and seriously threatened to be my own death. Egad, it is a serious thing to think of it seriously. Truth lies in a well! Let him who can, deny me an excuse for such thoughts, for I was dreadfully hippish.

The condition of the mind will produce or cure a disease, but its influence has

hardly been appreciated. From bad becoming worse, I adopted the old resort—consulted a doctor, who treated me with great suavity, and advised air, exercise, amusements, and an observant regimen, which was all I wanted. This was as stupid as it was true, and it gave me no consolation, but some offence. It disposed me to rail against a profession, whose duties are amongst the highest in the state, whose associates are disease and death, and whose time and talents are consecrated to relieve the miseries of the wretched, from the prince to the peasant. Give me now the prescription of a dish before a draught, but then I preferred a draught to a dish.

I had no faith in his hygiene, or his simples, and by the advice of a friend put myself under the hands of a certain foreign and famous herb doctor, near St. James's

Palace, who promised to cure me—*cito, tute, et jucunde*. This was the very thing, something to clink in the silence of thought, something to cling to. After a month of hard labour, with nauseous potions, it was perceptible by outward signs I was retrograding. The novelty of the usage was wearing off, and as it did so my demon of discontent—the hypo—rose stronger and stronger; distinct as the primitive ugliness, sin. But he was loath to lose me, and advised that I should consult a continental brother of his who was passing clever in the discovery of disease, and if anything, more so than himself, in its eradication. To this also I agreed!

London is the grand centre of quackery; the continent pours here its riff-raff to plunder John Bull, who delights in the extraneous, the foreign men of ceremony and

foppery, who cheat his honesty with the most agreeable flattery. One of this order was the herb doctor's friend. I feel convinced, now, that he was a humbug of the smallest knowledge and the greatest pretensions. He told me what degrees he had taken in divers universities, and boasted of his friends, Liebig, Fievaranus, Forsercius, and others, with the most oily fluency.

Our consultation was held in a small room, by a green-baize table, in St. James's Street. He listened to my dreams and vagaries with the most flattering attention, and used the stethoscope. He was clumsy in his manipulations, and my long experience taught me he was more a Maddock than a Hastings. And what do you think he pronounced me to be?—consumptive! I sank back in my chair, and muttered aloud: “Good God—consumptive, at my time of

life! I thought I had escaped that evil. Have I lived these sixty-five years, frugally, to die like a famished rat, a bag of bones in a skin?" They saw I was frightened, consoled me—and consulted together. Monsieur Delane, and Herr Gotlieb Hauff, fellows and members of divers budge universities, devised and counselled, and the fruit of it was a second examination; they agreed, then, that I was not consumptive, and the latter protested, conscientiously, that he had been misled by a trifling obstruction. Trifles are convenient sometimes! I was gratified by the discovery, took their prescription, had the pills made and analyzed, and found they were composed of Java pepper, conserve of hips and haws, and a deadly poison. I lost all confidence in the couple :—

“Arcades ambo—*id est*, blackguards both.”

And I never repaired to them again, seeing

I was in the hands of ignorance; pigeoned and humbugged. To leave off their atrocious remedies was a sensible relief; the sharp twinges of pain passed off, and I did very well for some time, on a plain beverage and pump water. Once again my constitution had been tried and proved. How fortunate it is for us hypochondriacs, who spend our days in the rounds of quackery, that the capacity of the human constitution is such, that it will endure great afflictions, indescribable injuries, and yet recover its pristine vigour. Its wonderful elasticity is a supreme gift; but its endurance—the doctors call it tolerance—is sometimes overtaxed by peddling, ignorant hucksters, who would have us believe they are great benefactors to mankind. Knavery has a singular generosity; it is not easily outwitted, and changes its tackle with an infernal ingenuity.

England is certainly the depôt of continental refuse; the worst of the bad emigrate to her shores to plunder the weak and beguile the unwary. Experience has taught me this. I detail—not a tything of the number I consulted; merely a picking of the charlatans into whose hands I fell. If you are ill and visit Lady Booby—this is the way the world goes—she seriously advises you to go to Monsieur Jacques Rouge, and you go. The next day you meet Lord Booby in a lounging-place, at your publisher's, or club-house, and with the same considerate concern he advises you to go to Monsieur Moïse—and to oblige a lord—you go even unto this other man of mummary and extraordinary gabble; you are attended, and if you chance to have some trivial ailment relieved, there is no end to the circulation of your wonderful

relief. If you are killed, there is nothing said about it; but if cured, you are the taken and chosen, advertisement of a puffer for life. I have found this the case, and the idle doings of vagrant adventurers are the staple commodity of tea and table talk. But I must return to my register of odds and ends—my note-book.

The restive spirits of ambition, the founders of sects, the disputants of the schools, the heroes of theorems and republics, are not more soul-restless and dissatisfied with that which is, than the hypochondriac. Like the roe in the chase, panting for the cooling brook, he is ever looking out for a change of aliment; no matter how sufficient the pasture he has, he is still on the watch for—

“Something more exquisite still.”

A humbug grossly monstrous ought to re-

move the scales of prejudice from the eyes of reason! But no man is wise always. The deaf are caught by an advertisement such as this: "Buy the invisible voice conductor, not larger than a seven-shilling piece, and yet so powerful, that (with it) the *deafest* person in the world can hear the *faintest* whisper." The faintest whisper heard by the deafest!—a lie is nothing unless it is sublime in superlatives. I quote this as a set-off for my folly. Such a monstrous promise should refute itself! But the exposure of the hook does not deter the hungry fish! Hope is a beguiling beauty, and the unreasoning purchase the wares of the rogue with their hard earnings, and knowledge is taught them by disappointment.

After two weeks of repose from doctoring I discovered, with horror, divers spots of an unbecoming character on my body, and re-

paired to a certain skinner. He said I had been mercurialized, and that the correction must be slow. It was too slow for me. After his, I underwent a discipline, to mention which is to excite the broad laugh of ridicule. I have heard of persons being buried, for paralysis, up to the chin in hot grains in a brewer's vat, but my entombment was even worse than that. I was introduced to a man who had a series of holes, five or six feet deep by a yard square, under a pent-house, which his ingenuity had ordered and devised for the special benefit of the human race. In one of these he quietly proposed to put me alive!

The bare proposal made me hem and hah, forthwith! He used his logic—the *suaviter in modo*. He produced a score of attested cases of the thorough efficiency of his method of disemboгуing disease, and as

many approvals from the most famed newspapers, written in the sweetest language of the Editor. This was enough for me; I could not stand against such arguments! The weak go to the wall for help. “Those who can do much, can do little,” said I; “and who knows but it may cure me? Nothing venture, nothing have,” is another proverb, a century old. And—moreover,

“Diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliances are relieved.”

I was persuaded to be placed in a hole, and buried to the arm-pits,—I had it *so* stipulated—only to the arm-pits—in sand of 80° Fahrenheit. The sand was said to have a peculiar virtue, being from the Lybian desert; and this fact reconciled me to the affliction for two successive mornings; after the first trial, I persisted and persevered, in spite of the constrictive suffoca-

tion which threatened my breath. Drops of ether were let down on my head, singly, from a given height; but for which I could not have survived the scourge. It seemed to me a reasonable imitation of the Persian method of execution; the condemned is buried to the chin in chunam, and a drop of water is dropped at intervals on the head,—exposed, shaven and bare, to the burning sun and sky, till death relieves the frenzied wretch. — What a death! Horrible! I thought of it and shuddered. But Silver was at my side to see I was honestly used, and I had no end of faith, at first, in the process. It was to change the electric fire of my blood and reduce its heat; I believe it would have cooled it entirely! But the third dose so satisfied me, I shunned the spot for ever after it, as a dog will the kitchen in which he has

been scalded. As I issued forth, I met Silver's Israelitish woman in a passage, and advised her not to submit for the world. My escape from this diabolical entertainment was attended by a legacy; a severe cold had caught hold of me. For this I tried a blanket-bath, under the guidance of Silver, who also advised a lozenge or wafer for the cough. I have the quakers' tenacity of libel and hanging, and my humanity will hardly suffer me to give a dog a bad name, but it was Keating's Lozenge, or Locock's Wafer, I took. Confound wafer and lozenge, say I; they cure some, but they nearly killed me by suffocation in one night. My chest tightened and tightened till I was nearly choked, and the mere sight of wafer or lozenge, from that hour, afflicts me as Quixote's balsam did poor Sancho.

I was amazed to find their effects so dire, when both are advertised as “certain remedies for *all* disorders: in phlegm, in difficulty of breathing, in incipient consumption, of unerring efficacy; and in asthma and winter-coughs, *never* known to fail.” The Quack knows that credulity likes a good crammer—and quackeries are never intended to fail—*id est*, in transposing cash from the dupe to the knave. Their chief success is in what Falstaff calls “*conveying*” from one’s pouch to another’s. It is a genteel felony, in the face of day and the teeth of the law.

When persons promise what it is impossible to perform,* and take care to secure their

* Dr. Locock’s wafers are advertised in the most hopeful style of the quack. They promise “perfect freedom from coughs in ten minutes after use; and a rapid cure for asthma and consumption, (after this

object of gain by pre-payment, what is it, if not obtaining money by false pretences? a naked promise to do something which is not performed? Is not the offence com-

the Hospital for Consumption may shut up) and all disorders of the breath and lungs, &c." All this is palmed on the public, "under Royal Patronage." Can Dr. Locock be very particular about the first great qualification of a gentleman?—Truth.

No one will mistake *this*—except the poor dupe for whom it is a decoy—*this* Dr. Locock, for the accomplished physician of the same name. "It is the practice (*Medical Times*) of many notorious quacks to advertise their nostrums in connexion with the names of well-known physicians and surgeons. By this means the sale is increased, while *the law* affords very little redress to the medical gentleman libelled." The law, again, favouring dishonesty!

The term physician is not used invidiously in this book to distinguish a class, or in the big-wig sense, or in the by-law university spirit, which would exclude a Pennington! but in keeping with the Catholic definition of the English Dictionary: Physician,—*one skilled in the art of healing.*—*Hyp.*

plete, too, when the party represents himself of a particular character, or in a superior sphere, to which he does not belong? I was led into this statutory strain by discovering that another wafer is now going "the round of the papers," to make coughers, coughless! It is yclept "the Jephson Tamarind Wafer;" and promises instantaneous relief, "almost," to all the afflicted. The tale is told, and told well. Let us hope the promise will not be fulfilled by a consignment of the confiding coughers, to the coffin. As one wafer is used up, you see, another travels the kingdom, from London over the provinces, like a wave from the centre to the circumference.

"Like the leaves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another comes on, yet more fresh than before."

A law in the state of Maine requires the

component proportions of every article to be pasted on the package or bottle of every patent medicine, under a severe penalty—that he who runs may read it; thus the public have a reasonable protection, and if they are poisoned or cheated, it is with their eyes open. It is time our legislature, also, did something upon this serious subject. For want of it I have been cheated.

“Oh, that the pleasure were as great,
Of being cheated, as to cheat.”

After being nearly transplanted by a wafer, I was eased of my bronchitis by Dr. C——, a literary and eminent physician, whom I also consulted for my returning, ever recurring, chronic depression. He was then treating “the incomparable Beethoven” for the same affliction. With that man of genius, for whom I shall ever feel a profound reverence, I had the gratifi-

cation of comparing notes, and found that he was a martyr to a morbid sensibility, and fits of inconceivable depression. It has been the fate of many great minds. Mirabeau, Byron, Burke, were subject to this infirmity. The magician of sweet sounds had also a dyspepsy, with grave pains, which was soon cured by prussic acid and bismuth. We were instructed to be much in society; and by way of encouragement, our Galen, famous for his brilliant literary acquirements, invited us to join his social circle, which I did repeatedly; and whirling on into society, the world of pleasant gaiety, my nervous irritability and excruciating sense of fatigue vanished, and I ceased to be miserable.

My life was now natural, for I indulged in no luxuries. A natural, is a godly life; it is almost painless, and paves the way for

a glorious age. Philosophers have said it, observers have proved it, and I have experienced—that the capacity for enjoyment is not enfeebled by mere age; it is only changed into new channels, and if the mode of living be simple and the mind rightly disposed, I am led to believe that the pleasures of age are not less delightful and inviting than those of youth. But the idle hankerings of discontent, and the still worse sensuality and selfishness which steal away our natural feelings, appetites, and affections, imbue us with a misanthropic gloom, which poisons the pure stream of pleasure, and fills the mind with mistrust,—till it sees through the glamour of suspicion the indulgent kindness of a neighbour, and the frank benevolence of a friend. The kindness I received from my physician—daily, his advice, his conversations, restored me

so much, that the world was of interest again! Every object became agreeable; pity looked like pity; kindness was fair to view. But his time was divided between thousands, his attentions grew rarer, and my distractions stole out, like the moon's glimpses on a stormy night. I believe if I had had an intimate associate to feel an interest in at this time, I should have cast off my malady, as a snake does his skin, for ever; for I was taking an interest in all the ways and changes and agitations of the age—in every social and political movement; but this period of peace and enjoyment, like the Macedonian's conquests, was fated to have its day of doom.

CHAPTER IX.

“Wise old men used to say, ‘To work is to worship:’ then of what religion are they who labour with neither head nor hands?”

I REMAINED a month a little depressed and greatly inactive, filled with ideas of death, and something worse—atrabilial phantoms floated over the field of the mind. I should feel degraded to make such sorry confessions public, if the great amongst men had not been similarly afflicted: Mirabeau at Neufchatel, and Addison and John-

son at home, besides BEAUS innumerable, have had my malady.

I believe that those who sacrifice time at the altar of pleasure, or talent at the altar of gold, are often dreadfully self-persecuted in the end of life. A season comes when the follies, fripperies, and gaieties of the bravely gay are no longer delightful: the passion's mirth perishes with the passion, and the mind filled with nothing better than the mocking ghosts of unruly follies, undergoes an elaborate grief. Gold and gaiety are preached down, still loved and followed. And the very best advice a sage can give a sane person, at certain seasons of the temper, such is the perversity of the fallen race, is as fruitless as the genial rain, the drops of fatness, cast from the clouds on a barren rock. Fruitless as a stone was C——'s advice to me, for he had advised me

to be contented, and when it should have been followed, it was nearly forgotten. From every delusive paradise did I relapse, as if it was so doomed by the rigorous, inevitable. *La Malade Imaginaire* persisted, as if determined to be as perpetual as *Molière's* brilliant comedy of that name. Was it to be my death? Was I for ever to feel that sense of a vacuum, sometimes in the relenting heart, and sometimes in the sensitive stomach? Why did I suffer? Was there no relief to be purchased? These were my questions, and how often did I pause, in vain, for a reply?

Dr. C—— was out of town. Was I to perish in his absence, or try another? Great men have lived on, hoping, when they seemed ice-bound by despair. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of evils; and to give up hope is a

dreadful abandonment; it is to give up *the battle of life*, and to merge into a dead nothingness. *Who* can implant courage in the human soul has a prophet's power! I consulted Dr. E——, who advised me to be mesmerised, and I was vivified with hope and courage from that hour. How easily do we change from pleasure to pain. And why do we suffer?

I went by appointment to his mansion, but was not gratified by the exhibition; by that title do I call it—for some of the loveliest, and (no doubt) proudest of the English aristocracy were present during the whole ceremony—merely for amusement. We were all in a drawing-room, elegantly furnished, scented by an eglantine and rose blossoming there; and the classic treasures and traces of high art arresting the eye were sufficient evidence of the Grecian taste

of the learned host. I was the lion—nevertheless, I was not stared at with the vulgarity of outrage.

I was introduced to a lady—Mademoiselle J——, who so fascinated me that I felt at once I was influenced by a being gifted with a mystic power over me. Before the seance, reader, I will give you a description of her. She was about nineteen, more than pretty, and, to my staid eye, rather too voluptuous in manner and attitude; youthful, girlish, elastic as a fawn, she walked gracefully, with an air of conscious merit, and a frank step. I like a light, frank step; it is an index of a Beatrice heart! Her face, not quite oval, was velvety with a rich and eastern bloom. Fit for an ideal, her good looks almost persuaded me, in spite of that French pout, ease, and accent, that she must be English.

They have not got such people on the Continent. Our rose-blush of health contrasted with the lily-white of her cheek; her lips were as ruby as redbuds. Her hands were small, and, like her brow, they were white as the foam of milk, and of a contour beautiful! Their touch was soft as velvet, and seated by me, or rather lolling, like a Venus in her shell, on a shell-shaped couch, she conversed with me, gaily, on the weather, the seasons, the edibles. I felt delighted by her way of chat. Such things are! Yes, are! I have read about electric eels and magic rings. Was this lovely creature an electric machine? I felt I could worship her: was attracted, subdued by her words—will-won by her touch. I was entranced, and could have died for her, leaving her my huge fortune as a pledge of love! When she looked, point-blank, as if

to read one's thoughts, as if to decipher the writings and recordings of the silent pages of memory, as if to read the secrets of the heart, and the images, seared by time or trouble, in the brain,—fascinated by her clear and brilliant eyes, I said, inwardly: “My bosom is open to thee; read its treasures, secrets, writings—all, all; thou hast my confidence, and confidence is love.”

I was beguiled by this Sylvia the very moment I saw her. Was it her beauty? for she had that rarity!

“Beauty! that must die;
And joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu.”

What had I to do with beauty, except to admire it—to admire it as one does a child, a peach, a violet? Old was I, and passionless. The idle foolishness of youth had left me. But her profile had a shade

of likeness, which brought vividly before me a beautiful face which I adored in my heyday. The face, and with it the maidenly figure, and many a scene by the brook of shady places, and one or two dear occurrences which stand alone among the dreary blanks and records of the daily business of the world. Was it these tender associations? Was it Mademoiselle's proximity? Which? No remonstrance, I pray you, for I marvel, and merely ask you,—which?

She was certainly a creature to be admired: fair, fine, favoured, and fit to kindle, to poison, or to purify the mind and imagination of a man. With the Staël's volubility! And this was the being who was to read me, my state, my destiny, my objects, and aims, and ends—present, past, future—and I had no objection to it. What did I care for the prying of an earth-born

spirit? I, who had walked uprightly in the face of day? Nothing. I cared nothing for it.

I was thrown, by a few passes, into an easy sleep. Some consciousness remained in this stage, and I felt I was placed *en rapport* with that May-day mortality which I have described to you as well as I could. Questions were put by the chief magician; I answered them profoundly. By titillating certain organs, so I was told after all this was over, a given power of the mind was excited individually; the organ spoke, just as a treble note breaks forth on striking the treble key. Does not this prove the proper allocation and mapping of the head by Gall and his disciples? When I was in the trance the organ of music was touched, and I sang like a swan of Apollo! Prospero awakened language and destruction, and I tormented a furious discourse against

popes and princes. One of the audience whispered, "Don't you see the collusion? The despicable farce?" — I heard it, and poured upon him a volume of venom, with a fiery and crushing might that D'Israeli would have envied and Peel coveted. The excitement of wit made me witty, and the auditors were convulsed with laughter; veneration educed expositions, which changed them to weeping and trembling, while amateness propelled me to embrace every one within reach; but I was soon changed from a lover to a civil fighter, when the finger pointed to combativeness. All this was wonderful enough, but the wonder of wonders to me was my reading Sanscrit and Greek, for the first time in my life; no doubt Prospero knew the languages, and I was in Prospero's hands. I answered divers extraordinary questions, (not to be

divulged,) through Mademoiselle, of course; and she, the good angel of the occasion, felicitously peered into the present, past, and future, and revealed the following particulars, the contemplation of which strikes me dumb with marvelment:—

What to think of it now, I know not; *now*, when time has evolved her announcements with the fidelity of inspired prophecy. For days after this *seance* I was excited painfully, as if miracles, labouring into premature birth, had exhausted mind and matter. Sometimes I think it all a juggle, and sometimes a revelation, full of truth. To the latter opinion I lean in general.

Mademoiselle was asked, what had I been thinking of last? And, unconscious of the importance of her answer, she re-

plied; "Of a lady who has been dead twenty-five years—his youth's companion."

"Has he thought of any one else in the last hour?"

"Yes."

"Whom?"

"His sister, whom he supposes dead, too!"

"Is she dead?"

"No; she landed at Dover yesterday."

"Was there anybody with her?"

"Yes; a needy adventurer and a lovely girl, her daughter."

"His niece. Does he know it?"

"He would give anything to know it."

"What is his malady; can you tell?"

"Hippish, merely a lowness."

"Has he any organic disease?"

"No. Hydropathy cured the liver com-

plaint he had, and now there is nothing but a chronic inflammation of the stomach, arising from an impaired digestion, which arises from a mental fretfulness retarding the function."

"Ease of mind is essential to healthy digestion. Does he require medicine?"

"No; peasant's diet, exercise, and enjoyment will cure him."

"True; the prescription of the sage of Cos; ages have not improved upon his treatment of hypochondriacs. Will he get well by this discipline?"

"Yes; not in London, but in the country, under the guidance of a friendly physician."

These were the most important queries; the most remarkable, and certain of the last were verified to the letter, as the reader will find in the sequel. Often as I have

read them, they still seem new, and astonishingly full of truth; and from the gift of inward perception and the dreadful consciousness of indestructibility imparted, I would not readily repeat the ceremony. The audience were both pleased and astonished; and as they filed off in a crowd, some one, I fancy a duchess, with more money than sense, put a guinea into my hand; and, being taken by surprise, she slipped away before I discovered her folly, consequently I was under the painful obligation of putting this gratuity into my pocket.

She had, probably, taken me for a respectable adventurer,—a beggar exhibiting for the company's amusement! This was wrong, but I approve of charity under every misapprehension. Mademoiselle was weak, required stimulants and sleep, so great was

the power of the magnetic fluid upon her nerves. Mine were also shattered and astonished; and the doctor having advised me not to be mesmerised again, lest it should produce an epileptic fit, with the kindest assurances of recovery—his *petites matinées* over, I rolled thence—from street to street, in the cabriolet of a M.P., a friend of mine, who amused me as we went along with his excellent House of Commons gossip.

CHAPTER X.

“Fancies are fond of lying upon down,
Tho’ they are often bred and born elsewhere.”

Landor.

“‘The rich,’ says a philosophic moralist, ‘are obliged to labour, if they would be healthy or happy, and they call this labour exercise.’”—*Edgeworth.*

I PIN my faith to this paragraph, which I have appropriated, without licence, from a book: “there must be some element in man which we have not taken account of; some untiring, undying energy, which eludes the fingers and the microscope of

the anatomist, but which exercises a despotic sway over the animal mechanism." I can readily believe all this! If it had not been so, I should have been cured by what I had undergone. Oh, that fatal restlessness, which not even Mesmer's magnetic fluid could control; it distracted me bitterly. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," but the *peasant inaction* of "old Ireland" was upon me, and I remained a picture of health, grumbling at my lot deplorably,—an example of healthy helplessness.

Not one of the ways of killing time suited me, and I was idle. Idlers are time-killers. The glutton banquets on the anticipated feast; and lo! is he not happy? I wished I was a glutton. The lover riots in hopes or memories, and he is comfortable! I envied him. The contented are always happy:

they do not envy or hate; they only love! I wished I was one of them; content was the thing I wanted. Where do they resort? In the bright isles of the old world? In their phalanx is there one hypochondriac? Have they the eternal thirst for novelty—for something that has not been enjoyed? Have they the restless ambition that impels to new investigations, new possessions, higher places, and the renown of enterprise? It is a pitiful fate, nevertheless, man's; and no doubt it has its uses. He is never contented!

“He never is—but always to be blest.”

The hypochondriac is the worst type of the uneasy race: his chase for a sufficient remedy is everlasting, and on his bed of steel he prays, ruminates, fancies grotesque and unutterable things, and believes he

has found the grand secret in every new disclosure; but it proves a delusion. The evil remains, while the idleness endures.

Had I been fond of reading I might have retired to some nook in a valley from the world's importunities, infamies, deceits, and selfishness; but I wanted that taste which ministers the manna of peace, which manufactures the honey of joy for the soul in holy isolation. I had not conversed with the dead; the sages of Fame's temple were not my familiars; the dead, of man's idolatry and woman's love! O, no; I had been a money-taker, a money-changing Gentile, no better than a Jew, and was I not paying the penalty of a too-sincere attention to Satan's corrupting medium? In peaceable society, I have heard, days and years glide away in the lap of companionship, and the

aged amongst their kindred are regarded as patricians, while the young are looked upon as the blossoms of the world's hereafter; magnates for a senate, pillars for a throne, soldiers for the fair; but to me there was no kindred in the land, no fine companion, no love-loaded tongues to prattle with, and the burden of thought haunted me as ghouls do the sepulchres they design to enter. Wealth I had, but (the deuce take it) I had ceased to be miserly. If a heap of guineas were piled before me, I felt they were mine, but they kindled no spark of delight. Riches, I found, are only sweet in the gathering and disposing; obtained, objectless, their perishable glitter vanishes, and the mind dwells unsatisfied on its voiceless spoil.

Life has been often likened to a dream; and a troubled dream it is of impalpable fancies and perishable realities. We dream

in youth of a fairy-land of gladness; but the world's experience puts a wet blanket on all that! One night, at M.'s Hotel, I dreamed I was falling into a deep abyss, by promontories, mountains, torrents, and at last landed in a globular basin where serpents, vipers, crocodiles, and all the amphibious tribe, loathsome and ugly, crawled and lived in their slimy lake. The picture was intolerable, and I, in the midst of it, was miserable.

Grievously affected by a visit to such a menagerie, my stomach felt as if a furnace of fire made to consume the strange creatures which had entered its interior; grievously afflicted by all this, I walked in my slippers into the coffee-room, and there beheld a stranger of very gentlemanly aspect; a little broken down in countenance; well dressed, of easy carriage, and free de-

livery. He had the suavity which wins the consent of man and (his worshipper) woman! and the disposition to be very familiar. His Parisian urbanity and anxiety to oblige were irresistible. He saw I was dejected, sympathized, pitied, hoped, wished, condoled; and having been a huge sufferer himself, exhibited the exceeding tenderness of a fellow-feeling. I could have embraced him, with all my heart, for his consolatory complaisance! There is nothing sweeter in life than this sort of brotherly love, unless it be the divine sisterly administration of it by an example of feminine pulchritude. We luxuriated in the unction of comparing notes, for several minutes, to our mutual advantage: that note-comparing is the mince-meat of friendship, and it is also love's provender.

Solomon says there is a season for all

things, and we indulged in the comparison of ills. His had been the response, the picture, the very echo of mine. Two peas from a pod were never more like. Maladies of the same class and order, how could they fail to be cured by the same means? The conclusion is apt and logical, curt and nice: and I regarded him as the best discovery of my life. But he had urgent business of his own, calling him into the city, yet with a kindness, free from secular motive, he promised to attend to mine to-morrow, and to introduce me to the great God-send of his life.

There is nothing so sweet as—health! Health, youth, and hope are sweeteners of life. The last is the harbinger of victory; and the other two are not missed or valued till they have left us. If I despaired one day, some fresh vision started up the next

to enchain me with persuasives. You may compare me to a young lover, anxious for the end of his wooing, fearing another Damon has won his Daphne, but finding, at last, she is still his; you have then a personation of my outlook for the beauty I wooed so long and won at last. Do you know her? Do you know—gentle and rosy health?

The morrow came, and with it my friend, who undertook, without any consideration beyond my thanks, which I showered on him abundantly, to introduce me to his absolute cure; but warned me beforehand that the performance would cost something considerable. What cared I for that, having gold and no taste for it. We entered a cab at Charing Cross, and, delighted with the prospect of attaining the object of my life, I talked incessantly, while we drove towards

Regent's Park. After one hour's drive, by my repeater, I was informed, we were at our journey's end. To my grief he declared, the physician he was taking me to would not admit him (a friend) as a supernumerary. He was an Eastern prince of odd habits, great dignity, and mysterious origin; that he healed, not for money, but love; that he was master of magic; that he was wiser than Cagliostro, the Rosierucian quack; and that none entered his sanctuary save his foreign mercenaries, and those who came there to be cured. What was to be done? I must go alone or not at all. After much deliberation, and an exhibition of weakness on my part, my benefactor left me on the threshold of one door, pointing out another, under a portico, at which I was to enter. It had the aspect of great age, and black letters announced its Norman origin. If it

had not been suburban, I should have taken it for the hoary palace of a city merchant of a past century. Pulling a bell-wire, the door opened, and I entered a desolate and spacious court, whose silence was grave-like. The stillness of deserted magnificence, the voice of memories, and the long grass growing in the flag stones, reminded me of Ossian's ghostly stories; and I looked round for some human being to find I was alone. A few exotics in tubs were the only outward evidence of life. The exuberance of a prurient imagination was extinguished, for I had anticipated the princely entrance of a palace, and was surrounded by dissightly walls exhibiting no opening, for the entrance had become undistinguishable. Like hunger at a forbidden feast, I looked round with an air of sadness for some visible sign of humanity; my curiosity was surprised by the

appearance of an original. He was a black dwarf, and his dress reminded me of Porson's Old Nick, for he had

“ A jacket of red, and breeches of blue,”

but no tail; and the red morocco boots on his hoofs, assured me he was neither fiend nor monkey, but likely a member of some one of the ugly, apish, and ebony tribes of Africa or India. His stomach was tub-like, sustained by two stilty legs, and crowned by a shot-round head. Did I look astounded, stunned, or what, that he disappeared when I wanted a word with him? He walked; I wondered! He returned; I solicited an answer to a query. The creature was dumb, I suppose, for he beckoned and mumbled, while I followed him up the broad, old fashioned oaken stairs into a well-lit gallery, in which the tapestry,

skulls, skeletons of man and beast, bones and busts in niches, vases, shells, curiosities, magazined here and there, pictures, antiques, grotesque images, preparations of various size, shape, and colour, exhibiting the wonders of the interior and exterior of Nature's kingdoms, persuaded me I was surrounded by the magnificent museum of a greater gatherer of scientific muniments than even that great and imperishable national genius, John Hunter! I was glad to escape from this Golgotha, and passing under a veil of a rich carnation hue, held aside by my monstrous guide, I entered a small divan, in which the Prince himself was smoking his chibouque and sipping his coffee. The respect with which I was inspired was too deep to be moulded into words; it passes expression. I stood silent, and trembled.

He wore a purple robe, ermined; a gold chain, suspended keys, and hieroglyphics, to his girdle! His voice was soft and promising—a sweet cordial to affliction—and had it not been for his beard, pipe, turban, and slippers, I should have believed him more English than Turk, for he spoke our language with a nice accent, and greeted me *à la* John Bull.

“ You gaze,” said he, with a smile, “ as if you were surprised.”

“ I do,” said I, “ for I hardly know how to express my opinion of your exalted benevolence, healing the afflicted like the Holy Master of the Apostles. I labour not, nor do I rest; I eat little and drink less, and have been dying every moment of my life, for three years: yet I live on—vegetate in a languor of hopelessness—and O, Prince, if in your power, which I doubt not, restore me to myself.”

I implored and admired, and he rose and moved away with a firm step; what a noble carriage he had, and the attributed beauty of Mahomet. Grand in stature, he received homage with the courtesy of a prince; greatness reigned on his brow in silent majesty, and I fancied his face expressed that innate goodness, which is better than a tiara of gems, and more adorning than jewels and gold.

“Drink this posset,” said he, “which the wine of Shiraz cannot surpass in delicacy and fragrance; it is a balm which the two spirits of the world’s worship and gladness, Hope and Health, have endued with their charm.”

Greedily I drank it; languished, lived in delight. Ecstasy all but extinguished me. What magic contained it? Was I transformed, or transposed, or what? Had I

drank of the cup of Comus, mixed with the art of Bacchus and Circe, and fragrant with the breath of Ariadne? I beheld strange sights; ugly sights and beautiful! He bade me drink again. I drank!—and I exclaimed!

“One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits with delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams.”

Oh, Milton, was it the famous mixture of thy Comus? The gay drop for melancholy? A troop of men transformed by drunkenness and gluttony into beasts; Silenus and his crew, harpies and hydras, came dancing by; and, anon, a troop of the fairest youths and maidens, Maying in the fields, or ministering mirth and pleasure to the sons and daughters of men, rejoiced and passed! I would have joined the last revellers, but, like the Lady Alice in the enchanted

chair, I was spell-bound, and when my master at my bidding unmanacled me, by a touch of his white wand, the troops of fiends and beauties, the good and the evil, the right pursuing and the wrong, and the glorious palaces and the shady valley in which they revelled, were all transformed into a very homely chamber, containing three stools, a chair, a table, a prince, and a hypochondriac. Was it all a dream? I could never fathom it; the result of some ancient brew? Such as Merlin made, and Milton sang. But the dull realities of a common-place parlour were soon changed. The Prince made passes and sets before my eyes, and touching a spring in the wall, we marched through the portico it revealed, into a goodly hall of noble dimensions; there the memory of those pretty spirits still haunted me, and like the fairies, they seemed to have

gone to rest with the paling stars, to appear hereafter. Worship begins where wonder ceases. I gazed on the Prince with that transcendental admiration with which the world, of all ages, have admired its fame-crowned heroes. Was he truly a Cagliostro? Ah me, how that splendid deceiver held the world in a string—the foolish world. He appeared to be the emblem of perfection, endowed with a sublime capacity, and surrounded by traces and characters of every sublime art and science. He assured me that man might become almost perfect by an observance of the laws, which have been perfected by passing through the alembic of ages of progression. And assenting to hear music, a solitary melody stole upon the senses, like the fresh breath of sweet-briar, entrancing with a strange delight. Then came bursts of

harmony; and anon, the soft-toned gushes of a company of distant singers, sublime as the chant of angels singing songs of peace to the race they love, gave way to the terrific music of battle, the crash and cries of war, and the hideous wailings of despair. There was still presented the contrast of good and evil,—the great antagonisms to the ear and the eye. Was I looking through a picture-changing kaleidoscope, multiform in creation, wonderful as beautiful, lit by the light of mystery, and made to act, not on one sense, but on five?

The sides of the chamber in which we stood represented the four ancient elements: lurid fire, transforming all things; balmy air, the life-breath, whose ethereal brightness permitted a view of the moon-lit sky, clouds, mountains, and stars; earth, here chaotic, there teeming with beauties; water,

pure as a diamond and clear as amber. The master of the elements was before me or by me, his hand held mine, and I felt I was at his mercy. I feared not, therefore had no sense of slavery: fear enslaves us; valour is man's duty, and without it he is a worthless pearl. I feared not!

He explained to me the infinite complexity of my case, the cruelty with which it had been handled towards its complication and perpetuity, and that I had an ordeal of purgatory to undergo. I listened, groaned, and submitted.

By touching one of the cabalistic things at his girdle I fell down, stiff and cold. The freeze of death was on me; I was like a block of ice. "For the love I bear thee," said I, "let me thaw into a tub of water rather than remain in this durance—cold and icy;" and by virtue of a

draught, vastly like the best Cognac in smell and flavour, I became as supple in limb as a modern Greek is pliant in principle. Was I in the temple—the Delphic temple of transformations? In the palace of Proteus? Was it the magic of optics? Was it the mystic beauty of fact? Was I passing through purgatory into Paradise? I felt as if on fire; as if consuming or charring into a huge mass of charcoal. A moment my eyes were covered, and the next instant we marched successively up three dark corridors which led into three globular chambers; in these the representatives of the three kingdoms of nature were undergoing their perpetual change; transforming and transformed; vegetable, animal, and mineral underwent an eternal mutation and re-combination of atoms,—from inanimate to animate, from animate to inanimate again. Creation's wonderwork was visible! I saw

into it; the beautiful distinctness, the miraculous perpetuity! Old chaos falling into order, and order falling into chaos! Incense filled the air from censers of gold; incense that seemed to purify and sublime every sense, clearing away every trace of earth from the seeing intellect. I looked at the master at my side, questioned—no reply; but my eyes closed in spite of me, a mountain seeming to press on their lids. I tried to open them, but could not undo the lock that chained them. When they were opened, we had changed our site and stood surrounded by a ball of fire. Was it the earth's interior? For here metals were liquid, fusing, amalgamating; crucibles ran over with gold and silver; and there was the philosophers' stone; an old man was grappling for it in vain: a haggard, lean, miserly-looking wretch, surrounded by the mystic implements of the alchemist; he

leaned forward yearningly, hands, eyes, body, soul, to pry into the arcana, but an ever-shifting gauze prevented his fathoming the secret, while the dreadful position his greed had urged him into was deathly; for retreat was impossible and advance fatal! He was surrounded by an abyss, such as Dante's Malebolge pool, with its gloomy circles of fiery pitch. Was all this typical of the end of that thirst for unholy knowledge, which is perdition; and in which some have rioted, lived, and died? Alas, it is so; the successes of the wicked are their chastising rods. "*Non ragionam di lor.*"

What hideous creatures crawled there, in that abyss—covered with a shining fire. I retired and shuddered. A sheet of silk, by its rustle, hid this hideous scene. I tottered like a house shaken by an earth-

quake, and seizing a wire for support, was struck senseless by an electric shock. The sensation passed and I recovered myself, to behold a glorious sunshine. A preternatural feeling of lightness of heart, like sunbeams dancing on the rippled ocean, agitated my soul; and the unspeakable gloom and horrific sights which had impelled me to cry for help, were soon forgotten; for the soft music of joy deluded every sense with delight and lulled me to rest. There I beheld the Prince, too, looking divinity, inexpressibly affable, unloading my brain, by moving his fingers before my eyes. The scene grew finer—sublimier: the soft and glorious features of evening were visible,—the landscape at sunset, the shady valley, hills, river, lake, castle,—all bearing the impress of pastoral life and peace. The scene was an Idyl. Subdued,

fascinated, I stood on the steps of a marble portico, outlooking towards the mountains, rising up to and touching the blue sky, and from the cloudless top of the highest descended an angel of beauty, sitting on two ruby clouds, mantled in a robe of snow.

To look at her was like looking into the sun's eye; you were dazzled and blinded at once. I would have retired, but was spell-bound, when she approached. The heaven-descended was announced as Hope!—immaculate and angelic Hope! Beautiful as an angel may be conceived to be, she smiled, and, with a grace most ineffable, held out her right hand, white and soft, which I received, and falling on both knees, touched with my lips. A fine wreath of the myrtle and the rose, bud and blossom, diademed her brow, and in the left hand was a queenly bouquet of the same, from

which she gave me—stooping with an eloquent elasticity—a sprig and a rose. Having received these emblems of a divinity at whose shrine I had been a worshipper, I felt she might lead me, bewildered, unresisting, whither she would. What secret spell drew me on, in her wake, from the portico? Ah, me—was it love? That endless folly! That potent secret, which nerves the weakest and subdues the strongest. What a tumult of fancies stunned me: bewildered and besieged by a beguiling creature, what was to be done but to surrender at discretion? A blush suffused her cheek, and all but assured me she was a mortal, heaven-born; and the bright visions, and the redundant feelings, and the hey-day aspirations of youth, were awakened within me, in all their nobility, as often as I perused her eyes with mine. Something

shone there ! What was it ? She looked to the ground, her head awry, as if wooing, and conscious of the conflict agitating her slave ; and I felt I loved, with an inextinguishable love.

We walked in a valley ; two or more old trees were there, a few green leaves fluttered on their bare branches, dark and craggy as the antlers of the deer. We passed under an airy dome, based on eight columns, between each of which stood sculptured figures of the great and good of antiquity—the greatest and the best of the earth divine—poets, painters, philosophers, sculptors, musicians, historians—altogether, nine of them. The number made me fancy the Hippocrenides must be somewhere near to entertain these gentlemen, who looked, Phidias-like, alive :—The Hippocrenides !

“ Calliope, Polymnia, Erato, Clio, atque Thalia,
Melpomene, Euterpe, Terpsichore, Urania.”

The children of science and song were represented there; nine of the greatest of the long-renowned graced that rustic temple. No doubt it was one of Fame's by-bowers! We re-entered the valley, a Goshen of beauties,—Italy in miniature. The face of nature was gay and bridal, pure as the lake and river in the vale; and the trees, herbage, and blossoms of spring, summer, and autumn, fragrant, luxurious, abundant, were unfolded to view. Birds sang, brooks gurgled; the attributes and gifts of heaven were in bloom—new, harmonious, perfuming and perfumed. The eye wandered, wonderingly, over the delicious magnificence of nature, unsullied by the breath of winter; while the heart swelled with sensations of sympathy for this beautiful creation, and luxuriated in the delight of utterless thought.

Walking up a tranquil lane, whose shady banks grew the greenest herbage and the fairest primroses, whose hedges were covered with the bright blossoms of the palm, hazel, and thorn, and whose meads were hay-scented, we came to a rude stile which led into a sequestered close, containing oaks of huge antiquity; above was a copse, and on one side a grove of maiden oak trees, fresh leafed and dew-spangled; between the woods, in this Elizabethan scene, were children gathering cowslips and violets, and maidens filling the pail with foamy milk; and, descending a slope and driving a troop of fawns before her, I beheld a girlish creature, who recognised and approached us. She looked more earthly than my companion—Hope! She had the noble features of the English countenance, and a graceful carriage, that displayed her un-

mistrustful loveliness exceedingly. Her large open eyes dilated with the rapture of kindness, and with a gesture the most beguiling, I was welcomed by this rustic goddess! Hope mingled our hands, and chiding me, as one who had departed from the pleasant pathways of her sweet sister—Health—bid us live matrimonially together hereafter, even in the world, even in the places and seasons of riot and peace.

I was sweetly chided, as woman chides in the hour of unembittered love, for departing from the ways of health, in the teeth of reason; for neglecting health's discipline for the world's idols, sensualities, and money. It was true enough I had done so, and pleaded guilty. They enjoyed the nonsense; they laughed, as girls will when at ease, and I laughed too. I saw, heard, felt, perceived, spoke, but each sen-

sation and each sense was exalted and sublimed. Do we ever shuffle off, even in our dreams, this mortal coil, and peer into heaven? Do we on earth dwell with the angels? Sorrow was over, youth was renewed, and I was re-allied to every treasure which past indiscretion had abnegated, inaned, or forfeited. Age was no more.

We rambled over the woods, over the meads, by a river, by a lake, by a bubbling fountain, by a holy well, the zemzem of a lovely wilderness of eglantine, roses, daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, and shady shrubs, trailing. We tarried there, by an old well, mossy and plant-strewed, drank the water, sweeter than Shiraz wine, or the ruby of Hafiz, and revelled in cool bowers, unequalled in the rosy East. The nightingales sang us songs the while.

It was a tranquil scene of life, content,

and happiness, and taught me that man was never intended to be huddled for ever in a counting-house ; that he has other duties than the mere acquirement of wealth, and that one of these walks, in which idleness and wealth might indulge for exercise and appetite, was better than an abandonment to fashion's rioting or pleasure's toil.

We returned through a dry grove and a secluded garden of choice flowers with rare shrubs on its outskirts. Flowers of all seasons and climes were there—thousands—a gathering, it seemed, of the earth's richness, profusion, and beauty. They were classified according to their stature ; but what surprised me was the fact of those of various months blooming here at the same time. It seemed as if they were all rivals, showing their beauties to command the applause of the garden queen. Passing

a crowd of roses—their name is legion—we came to a grove of Magnolias—Grandiflora and Glauca; beautiful were their leaves, magnificent their huge and small tulip-shaped blossoms, and they loaded the air, as if monarchs of the garden, with their rich, pine-apple odour. I tarried to admire a pomegranate, to pick a lily of France and a peach, and then followed my exquisite companions into a bowery-hall! And under the shady boughs of two silver-leafed almond trees, whose rose-coloured blossoms were out, was formed a bower of jasmine and clematis in blow also; and in the shadow of this leafy bower was a costly, elegant, and rare entertainment. Nothing could have been more agreeable, for my hunger was beginning to be urgent: I could have eaten my grandmother without “Tomata sauce.” The repast was most promis-

ing in quantity and quality ; delicate dishes ! It would have regaled M. Soyer's fancy to see the spread, as it did my palate to smell the prospect of enjoyment. While I was eyeing the good things, and observing the wines cooling in snow hard by, Hope and Health, my darling companions, slipped away from my side, and with surprise I beheld the Prince taking their place. I did not like this change, so much was I taken with my lovelier company, and before I recovered the shock I was forbidden to eat or drink except of the plainest articles ; a notation which provoked my disgust as much as the dainties did my appetite. What a predicament for one who delighted in good living ! Every sincere gourmand will pity me.

The creamy dishes of courts and kings nobles, and knights, sublimed by the indefatigable intellect of ages, were before me ;

but *noli me tangere* was written, alas, too legibly on each of the fat temptations which an epicure would have taken to himself. I was mocked and misemployed! Could not touch but the plainest meats; mutton, beef, poultry, game, vulgar fish! these, and milk, and rock water, would alone come to my mouth. The effect of everything else was as water to a mad dog; the approach of it choked me. I was reconciled to this provoking ordeal, by that fine philosophy which teaches resignation to the mother who has lost her child; I counted it was all for the best, and as it should be. Dish succeeded dish, course followed course, till air, sea, and earth, seemed to have been searched and exhausted. It was a perpetual change and supply, but everything with the *noli me tangere* mark created instant abhorrence.

Butler (the Bishop) tells us every peccadillo carries with it its ordered penalty. Here it seemed as if everything injurious had the power to announce itself so by awakening an instinctive dislike—everything injurious to man's health; and accordingly, though poisonous only in the smallest degree, would not let me eat it. What power, what beneficent Prince took such care of me, that I should not eat one pain-producing, one penalty-entailing, article? Wonderful power; wonderful Prince!

Was it not typical of the life—good for health? and the food? Did it not say, “*abstain* from these excesses, the excesses of Tiberius and Rome; the gross care of the appetite; the indulgence which ruins, from units to millions!” as plain as it could speak? It was a lesson for me; but the sight of some of those cooked dainties

caused a mumbling in my interior, nearly as endurable as the colic.

Two slaves waited upon me, one ugly, one beautiful; a Circassian youth, fine in feature and figure, and a hideous Mongolian. Both were curiously adorned, and wore cinctures of gold and bracelets of beads. The latter provoked me with wines, liquors, meats, sweets, savours, all things bearing the condemned mark; he was ugly as sin, had an evil eye, and the gluttonous look of Tiberius. He took a savage delight in enticing my appetite, and pointed out with a flash of ecstasy his wines; sherbet cooled in snow, old Falernian and malmsey, nothing the worse for poor CLARENCE'S execution; enchanting brews, he boasted, from Persia, delicious confections he had from France, turtle from Honduras, pine-apples from Providence, olives from Greece, oranges

from Malta, raisins from Valentia, and grapes and ices from the Luxembourg. A troop of dwarfs came dancing by, bearing also a profusion of nic-nacs, and baskets charged with sweetmeats and fruits ripened under the eastern and western skies; so that all the quarters of the globe appeared to have been ransacked for dainties to kill health with a surfeit. I would not yield to it—my resolution was mighty; the Mongolian muttered curses, and the Circassian, my good Ganymede, laughed with delight.

“They are only fit for youth,” said the Prince.

“Ay,” said I, “I loved them heartily when I was young. These fruits were never amiss to me then.”

With simple drinks and condiments I finished my repast, and the Prince did likewise. Our intellects were clear to enjoy

the sweet afterclap of exhilarating conversation, which had been lost to us if we had inebriated. We talked and promoted friendly offices till a wave of sweet harmony, such as the sublime Handel could let loose at his pleasure, filled the mind with overflowing delight; and then my fair companions joined us. I fancied I could live for ever in this luxurious hermitage of philosophy, in this palace of plenty, and easy happiness, and tranquil simplicity, where vice appeared to be an alien, and powerless; and where every enjoyment, regulated by the genius of reason, left no sting behind it to remind you of its charm. Night came with her sublimities and mild gloom: a glorious Italian night! Hope and Health frolicked and counselled with a daughterly familiarity; their words were all clothed with the unspeakable glory of truth, their wit

wreathed in smiles, and their eyes beaming divinely with the light of gladness. They promised to dwell with me for ever, while I followed the example I had seen, the precepts I had heard: for ever, in the valley of life—for ever!

“O mortal,” said Health, “avoid excesses. Their fruits are pains, which the famous Machaon could not master; desolations, and vain repentance; they rob the soul of its joys, steal away its sunshine, dry up its dew, and leave it arid and desolate as the traveller who dies athirst, while the liquid blessing he pants for bubbles by his ear. Ah me, if he could but reach it! Thou hast discovered, O mortal, that selfishness is not bliss; then practise generously, though generosity be scoffed at by the world and hateful to hell. Beware of the abuse of the five senses; in their use is the grati-

fication of life; in their abuse untold ills and appetites, which the earth's fruits gathered for a banquet would never satisfy; for the appetite of abuse grows by its feeding, and be it conquest, or lust, or gluttony, or drunkenness, it is a vacuum—eternal, insatiable, insapory, inextinguishable.”

In wonderment I dreamily listened, and awoke to find my entertainers had retired. I saw Hope, or her sister, in the blue distance, her rosy finger was at her lips.

“Farewell, sweet spirits,” said I, “if it must be so: your happy precepts I will observe, so help me —.” And every precept appeared to be the emanation of some deity descended from above to dwell among men.

“All hail! Sweet spirits, I salute ye both!” I had breathed the ether of intoxication, and merry laughter, peals of it, rang in my ears; it was like the merry laugh with which the

Greek girls treated and teased Anacreon, when they threw roses and myrtles to him jestfully! “Ah,” said I, “youth will have its fun, it is the merry madness of girlhood and boyhood—all who have known it treasure it among the holy memories of old.”

CHAPTER XI.

EUREKA.—“I have found it.”

I WAS made conscious of my mortality by a column of sunbeams which fell on my face, as if directed by a burning glass. Fired, I wondered where I could be, for I had seen visions and dreamed dreams. A soft and rosy lustre, borrowed from the crimson drapery, gave the air a warm hue, and so flattered the half-awakened fancy, that the fragments of its broken chains of enchantment, the airy nothings that had lapped it

in such an Elysium, were, for the moment, palpable and real. But facts are tell-tale agents, facts are foundations to stand upon, and fatal facts stared me in the face. There was the bell-rope, the glass of water for a first draught; the slippers, the ewer and diaper, and all the paraphernalia which, one age after another, the women have agreed, consented, and determined should garnish a bed-chamber. "Heaven and earth," said I, reluctant to believe I was not still in the palace with the Prince, "this is my room in M.'s hotel!"

When I rang the bell, the waiter stole in to me softly, like a thief in broad daylight, and he looked around in every direction, as if he fancied he was in the den of a wild beast or the sanctum of a powerful conjuror. What was the fellow thinking of? I could not devise. "Where am I?" said I.

“In bed, sir,” said he.

“Do you mock me, sir? I could have told you as much as that. How did I come here? To this house?”

“In a palanquin, carried by four great Turks, and followed by a crowd of boys—a rabble.”

“Ha-ha-ha! How very kind of the Prince. How did I look?”

“Quite the thing; rather excited! You went to bed gaily, dancing and singing, as if you had taken a little——”

“What! Do you mean to insinuate, to say, I was tipsy?”

“No, no. By no means,” replied this amiable fellow. He had no intention of such a gross allusion; and with a smile, for I felt I must have been in a trance of delight when I returned, I dismissed him, inquired for Silver, and went to the business of the toilette.

I was reaping the fruit of my harvest; I felt restored, elastic, fit for anything. What I had undergone of pain was remembered only to brighten the advantages blooming in the distance of to-morrow. Hilarious, joy-lit, dilating, my mind felt as if the depository, the treasure-trove, the fountain-spring of happiness. Henceforth, life promised to be a summer-day, a honeymoon of friendship. And while at my breakfast, recalling the events of yesterday, the devilry and angelry, I pronounced a blessing on the gentle twain, Hope and Health, and the Prince, who healed the sick out of pure love and pity. He was generous; the tide of pity and of love had overwhelmed and fertilized his soul.

Freed from the trammels of imaginary evils, which under the empire of false perceptions were all realities, and revelling in

the new world of enjoyment opened to me, the social pleasures so well fitted to fill the pauses between the duties of the day engrossed every feeling of my nature. Ah, what was the past now; the ocean of pain, now followed by the moment of bliss. Fear had lost his power; was no longer swelling into throes: the giant forms alike unmanageable by passion or reason; the ailings that grow stronger as the mind weakens under the debility it creates—these had evaporated like dew-pearls before the sun. The anguish of loss of liberty to the free, is not deeper than the consciousness of loss of health to the hale. And the Arab sitting by a bubbling fountain in the desert, under a green shade, in a cool oasis, fuming his favourite weed, sipping Mocha coffee, realizing in a reverie the sublime luxury of love and lenity, the promised legacies of his

prophet, could hardly be enjoying a more indulgent leisure than I at my breakfast. The felicity of life was mine, for I had kissed the hybla drops of life from the lips of the two sisterly celestials, Hope and Health.

Days, nights, weeks whiled, without any generalship to get rid of time. Like a rapid river to the sea, it went, unheeded; for I sported in sunshine and clover. Like a child on the play-ground, pleased with its pursuit, and thinking of nothing beside it, I was contented! I revelled and laughed with my old City companions, who rejoiced because I rejoiced; formed new friendships with the familiars of the hour; entered into gaieties; visited the Publisher's parlour, the Vernon paintings, the National Gallery, —those monuments and muniments of meanness and glory—the Royal Academy, public places, public meetings, political uproars,

St. Stephen's and Paul's, &c., &c., &c., like a man "made of money," and determined to spend it; and all this with the alacrity of one who has joined the rout, to live in, see, and enjoy the private and public of London only for a season. I lived, breathed, and had my full being: enjoyed life admirably and cosily; and gave thanks every morning and evening for the deliverance that had fallen to my lot. But alas! how frail we are! how brittle is the reed of prosperity! how near is fate when unseen! It is—*and* it is not. "All is vanity" in this corrupt world, "and vexation of spirit," and uncertainty.

Walking up Albemarle-street with a Bishop, an old and venerable friend, a plain and generous man, we met THAT Earl who is famous for having written more certificates and testimonials for impostors than

any other man in the empire, or in Europe, or in the known world. Unenviable fame !

What is desired to be is easily believed, and his Earlship is as sincere, as fourpence is nigh to a groat, in what he writes, and he is too Christian to suspect guilt in the craft whose vile turn he so conveniently honours. There is no man so well experienced in charlatanry as he is ; a quack is, to him, what a jester was of old to the noble and the king. He is an idle dog, has a large revenue, a fondness for fun and novelty, and takes physic without stint or limit :

“ As if our bodies were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.”

“ Well, Peter,” said he, “ you are looking ill.”

“ How say you so, my lord Earl ?” said I.

“Because it is true,” said he; “merely because it is true.”

“A most profound and righteous reason,” said the Bishop, with a suitable gravity. “What is the matter? Come, tell us, and I’ll tell you where to get cured. Where!”

“Nothing the matter,” I protested.

“Faugh! — bah! — he! — Look ill for nothing? Eh, my lord? Can it be so?”

“It seems strange and unnatural!”

Strange and unnatural! THIS from a Bishop! I was frightened and staggered. *Strange and unnatural!* What a perplexity. I began to feel ill.

“Come, come,” said the Earl, taking my arm, “I see how it is;—want company. Come and dine with me to-day. I know your weakness—claret and pistachios. You shall have them—so—so—.”

His Earlship would not let me off, though

he did the Bishop, under the excuse of a prior engagement. He stood aside while I entered his carriage at the top of the street. We housed and dined with a party of humorists nearly as entertaining as Hook and Hood, but their Hookisms and Hoodisms were not all their own; not always original. I never was more entertained by table-talk. The gossip of the day was thoroughly sifted, mangled, creased, and crashed. The evening closed with a rubber, the Earl and I pouching the stakes; but the next morning "there was the piper to pay."

Confound all that (say I)—that rakishness, and the dudgeon of ennui, which follows a rich evening with dear creatures and the world's nobility. My old annoys, like the twenty ghosts in the play, began to appear, one after the other, with astonish-

ing regularity. Had I eaten too much, or drank too little? Had I departed considerably from the even way of life? Had I overdone it by talking, by laughing, by this or that? Bah! Which? I could not tell. What a mortal, to be ill by a social evening and a regale. But his Lordship's declaring me ill was the great AMEN to my peace. The way of it, the hour, place, position, recurred inveterately. But fixed in this state, one thing enlightened and delighted me; I felt convinced I should find my saint of health, and be restored. The idea of being victimized never entered my imagination.

Ah, me! what a fortune it is in a dire extremity, and blessed is he who can manage it, to extract hope out of nothing: everything, I mean! The cold-as-ice civility of familiars, who reckon it lost to spend

an hour upon you, the chilly courtesies of well-meaning friends, who would be warm-hearted to you, but for the infamy of familiarity with poverty, who wish you well, but will do nothing for you—if, like an ungenial vision, such have crossed your path, making the shadows of life more gloomy than golden—you were happy, indeed, if you filched a ray of sunshine to make brighter the present and the unfathomed coming time? Is he not to be envied who has that felicity? Such was my lot. Without address or name, I was assured I should find my Turkish prince again. Hope beacons and beckons, but, alas! it is only *well* that ends well.

From the hotel I drove, at a rapid pace, to a certain point in Regent's-park; not far, but it seemed then an incredible distance. The mettled mind metres time

keenly. Time creeps when we languish for its flight; crawls, when we long for to-morrow! Arrived presently, with what pleasing anticipations did I seek the small door that once admitted me to—I know not what, or whom. To this day, like the ghost tales of the nursery haunting us in age, it is mystery-full, neither believed nor fathomed. I remembered I had, before, what I wanted now, a guide. Alone, perplexed, I sought in vain guide or door, hour after hour, day after day, sadly and foolishly, till a policeman watched me as a suspected, evil-disposed person, harbouring and having a prepense design in that quarter. While he watched (as in duty bound), I explored door-way, dust-hole, kennel, hole, corner, and window, for what I wanted to find; and, not finding it, despaired. The visions inspired by health

were driven away by the spectres of derision, malicious care, and envious woe; whose cold mockery almost hurried me to violence. Wretchedness has a fertile invention to forge weapons of self-torture; but in all my distractions, that creature of beauty—Hope—was still my comforter! I was gifted with that perseverance which shakes thrones, yokes tyrants, changes the mind of a people, and rocks empires; and that faith which moves mountains; and that confidence which builds tunnels, temples, and extraordinary bridges, and I was hailed on, on, by success, whose beacon I could dimly see in futurity's black visage.

I believed, that if possessed by a legion of devils, could I but meet with my magician, they would all be exorcised. He could remove my "old man of the sea."

One day I was lolling on a sofa at the

hotel, like Malvolio, in my slippers, but not dreaming of any Olivia, for I suffered all the tortures of dejection, when a man was introduced. It arrested the glass on my lips; spilled some of that luscious wine, so cool and feverless, which poor Keats liked, on my shirt. Stunned, I said, "It is blood," and insisted on calling in half-a-dozen of the faculty immediately. They consulted, ordered me to go to bed, and, as I discovered by my druggist, gave me a julep placebo. After I had retired, the man introduced, who had watched the proceedings, drew near me; after they were gone, as I lay in my bed in a doze, he touched my shoulder.

"Well," said I, "Mister Apothecary, what do you want now? your fee, I suppose? Take it;" holding out a handful of sovereigns. "Silver should have paid you;

but, poor fellow, he neglects me much, and worse than that, himself still more. It is that drinking—that drinking.”

“No, no,” said he, honestly; “I don’t come to rob you; I am not a physician; you gave me a guinea to find you the Turkish doctor.”

“Well, what of that?”

“I found him.”

“Heaven be thanked; Providence serves me,” said I, clasping my hands fervently. “He is more worthy than the entire College of Physicians.”

“I found he was gone to Turkey.”

“How, how? gone, gone? Then it is all over with me,” said I, dejectedly, slipping down in the bed like one whose strength has left him.

“But I found one who supplies his place, who has purchased his secret.”

“What ! To restore health ?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Take me to him immediately.”

“It is too late to-night ; to-morrow morning I’ll wait on you, sir, at ten o’ the clock.”

“Very well, Mister Police ; very well,” said I, after a long parley, in which the idea of waiting so long reigned uppermost, like a life-and-death question ; and having elicited particulars, I treated this informant with his supper, all he could eat and drink, entered his name in a red book, took negus—a bed, and slept like a rock. Such is the effect of a new hope to a painless mortal, life-weary, full of inane fancies ; I had not slept for weeks before, but this night it was the perfect and dreamless sleep of a heart and head at rest, and Dr. Binns could not have conjured the like.

The day came, and the man. I went with him to be cured, of course. The room we entered was like a lawyer's office, except that it had herbs and stubbles in the corners. We were joined by a tidy-looking man, black visaged, middle aged, his fingers loaded with rings, and to him I bared my bosom ills. He heard my complaints with an attention which primed physicians would do well to extend to the unfeeling poor, and I felt convinced I should have his sympathy and aid. The policeman left us to ourselves.

"Your blood is too cold, sir," said he. I owned I was gone far by the May and June of life, and only remembered now the freaks and frolics which youth's sun had daguerreotyped to endure in memory's gallery.

"What would you have me do? drink wine, the milk of old age?"

“No; unless you’d kill yourself!”

This levity was hard to bear, and I replied, in a tone of vexation, “What a fool I am; I have been drinking wine by order of a court physician. Botheration take ’em.”

He shook his head gravely, and said, mine was a complaint which the faculty never studied. This was grievous news, I had trusted them so much; and *they knew nothing about it—absolutely nothing*. I believed and sighed! Consigned to an attendant, I was directed to go through a sort of box, and if that did not cure, he had another invention; an engine called a celestial bed, which would certainly effect it. I did consent, in the face of reason, and was placed in the hands of two assistants; the one was the ugly monster I had been introduced to in the Turk’s laboratory; and his being also here assured me of

the reality of the connexion. He was clothed in a leopard's skin; when he grinned, he had the indicative look of the hyena, and his jaws gaped like a crocodile's. This monster was surely the same; there was his ebony face, evil eye, huge hands, great feet, and furnace of a stomach. His eyes glared like fires, his voice, a cursed growl, was worthy such a Caliban. His co-mate was a black-haired Irishman; his mirth tended to assure me, for I had a certain uneasiness about trusting my mortality in the hands of a cannibal.

“When will your honour undertake the ceremony?” said the Milesian.

“Let it be at once, for I begin to wish it over.”

“Be aisy, thin, it is meself, that is, Pater O'Rance, that'll show your honour every bit of the way of it.”

His serio-comic look persuaded me he was really sincere; he had the gravity of a dissenter, and assured me, by his faith, that straightforwardness was the peculiar feature of his transactions; and having to get his own living, he could hardly do that same better than in a way which ministered to the sustenance of his excellent supporters, the afflicted family of John Bull. It did seem very considerate of him to devote his talents in this very way, and it induced me to give him my confidence; and having been promised his tenderest care, and that I should gain something by it, I decided to undergo his process, which had been handed to him, by and through father and son, generation after generation; and in his careful keeping it had suffered no deterioration.

With a touching interest I noted every

manifestation of artful capacity, every indication not to be mistaken, every evidence of a warm personal interest in me vested, every earnest gesture, every syllable aside, and every modulation of voice; for the experience I had paid for, enabled me to read, by the manner, the man, of a certain sect of philosophers, pretty clearly; but unluckily for poor me, my constructions went to my person when they should have gone to my pocket. The world acts and reasons through the pocket, and it is a safe way, if not the safest. This Green isle "genius" assured me he had an Irish degree himself. I questioned him, to find he was unfathomable; like his country, a problem unsolved, a world-puzzle.

"Gad's my life," said I, as he disappeared up a long wooden tunnel, armed tooth and nail, with steel spikes, "I must

endure my ills all the days of my life, for I will not undertake this journey."

But entreated or enticed by this Irish scoundrel, and fearing to be clawed by the black monster, I at length put my head and shoulders into their confounded apparatus. "What will not man invent for the cure of man? It is a new electric trough, perhaps funnel-shaped, and no doubt its likeness is in the National Gallery." I was no sooner in it, than I tried to withdraw, and found it was impossible. It was a kind of pipe or tube, of a hog's-head's calibre, such as LORDLINGS bait badgers in; and three-fourths of its inside was lined with hedgehogs, or porcupines, or something harder. I was to crawl through this thing! I—a man, like a beast, on all-fours. Surely the serpent's curse was upon me—

“To what base uses may we come, Horatio.”

The bottom was lined with fur,—that was something, but the very memory of this preposterous folly surfeits me now, while *then* it had a secret charm; with me, as with Quixote, when he battered the wind-mills for giants, reason was in abeyance. The spikes pointed from behind, downwards and forwards; and Paddy had warned me, if I retreated after being engaged in the gin, in whose jaws I stuck like a man in a shark’s throat, I should not be cured, but killed entirely. The excruciating idea of being impaled alive, with a cannibal behind and a Tipperary lad before, took possession of me diaphoretically, for I perspired IMMENSELY. I beat my head, tore my hair, bit my fingers at the end; what was I to do in this dilemma—this beginning of an extremity?

Timidity was not my failing, and finding needs must, that this ceremony would purify the blood of all peccant humours, regarding it as an electric novelty, and delighted with the prospect of a regeneration, cravingly I crawled through it, like a pig or a mole, on his legs. It was like going through a funnel, and at the small extremity, the squeeze was terrific; and how my timbersome body got out, by dint of labour, without being squashed or elongated, is more than I can divulge. The distance seemed a mile, the way lonesome as the Box tunnel. Two or three shocks struck me insensible, and after being pummelled all but to pieces, I was overjoyed at last to find myself in a room, modernly furnished, in my perfect senses. The doctor was there in a huge wig, with his gold box, spectacles, and cane, *à la Garth!*

It was foretold I should be hungry, and it proved a correct prophecy, for I wanted to eat, and did eat, then and there, a dish of sandwiches, with a drink of water odorous of violets.

I was waited upon, congratulated, assured—from the effect of the currents of the fluid, that I should be restored. Even yet I was better, and poured forth a volume of thanks to my benefactor, with a moving fervency; but he was not content with that, he wanted a purse loaded with sovereigns. He clinked the gold, as if fond of it, and smiled. It is no wonder either—this money-love—for gold is the Talleyrand of ministers, for good or evil; the sublime of persuasives; the pious world and the impious worship the same idol: alike adore, dig and drudge, for this sublimity of human craft.

In the streets I was too much engaged with my thoughts to look vainly on my person, but seeing the boys laughing, and the men and women staring impolitely, I inspected my unmentionables, and, behold, a sad discovery! My garments were rent and riddled by the spikes of the machine, and the white nether linen peering through the black made me look like a spotted harlequin. What was to be done? I rushed to a cab, drove home, and escaped the gaze of fools, the attentions of the police, and the possibility of being suspected fresh from, or fit for, Bedlam. Why did they not advise me as to my condition? The oversight was not gentlemanly, and created misgivings as to the status of those to whom I had entrusted my human cargo; one of them certainly had the look of a showman, and the chief was more like a

beer-bloated publican than a prince. But his sagacity might be great notwithstanding—and his system was original—a proof of genius, and genius is an eccentricity. These suggestions stifled my crotchets. I was satisfied the Thebans meant me no harm, and believed Dr. Akakia in the wig,*

“ A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or, Sir Agrippa ; for profound
And solid lying much renowned.”

* The wig, in former times, was looked upon as no inconsiderable part of the insignia of a physician. Even in the middle of the last century, so much importance was attached to it, that Dr. Brocklesby's barber's-boy was accustomed to carry a band-box through High Change, exclaiming,—“ Make way for Dr. Brocklesby's wig.”—*Medical Times*.

CHAPTER XII.

“ The worst spoke in the wheel creaks first.”

Proverb.

As the prurient heat within us burns its fuel up, peace, and the love of it, grow stronger and stronger. Quietly as the shadow lengthens at the decline of day, time passes; quietly as the midnight wears, the noisy world changes, the stars come and go, the earth and sky change faces, like the gushing springs and the running waters that never cease their harmonious song; quietly, like all this, man—restless man,

hurries on to some half-shadowed destiny. The tool of trifles, still a trifler with what he loves and serves best—himself.

Night came and went, so did days and nights—quietly. But at last my palms itched, for memory informed me that the excellent Akakia of the establishment I last visited, had said, “if not perfectly cured, I might enter upon the ordeal of a certain celestial bed, and then, there was certainty.” A host of doctors had approved it. The idea of any thing celestial is very agreeable,—but a bed! It was like iced butter or cream, it melted in the mouth—melted into a delicious anticipation. I had known many trials and some novelties, many pleasures and some pastimes, but a celestial bed—never. Its very name indulged the mind with no unfruitful levity.

I visited Akakia a second time, brimful

of anticipation. He welcomed me with an innocent regret for the persistence of my complaint, and introduced me into an antique chamber or gallery. It was wainscoted with polished oak, and every panel, the framework of which was beautifully carved, was the groundwork of a picture by one of the classic masters. The furniture was superb and rare—ancient tables, chairs, chests, cases, adorned and inlaid with gold, or silver, or ivory, device-enamelled: and the hangings, of the richest empyrean, tastefully embroidered, shut out the rude glare of day, and gave an air of fawnlike softness and luxury to the whole. The embroidery and tapestry were worthy the age of Harold the Saxon. The air was odorous, and drinking cups of gold and silver were seen on a buffet, and also a glass jug holding crystal rosewater, distilled!

Of this I drank, and every object around me grew so bright and beautiful, I seemed to have entered the dream-land of imagination.

Obscurely seeing, I was urged into another gallery, my heels going pit-pat on the floor, and diffusing a ghostly echo. Was I in the hands of a ghost, for I seemed to be following a shadow? Presently I beheld a piece of work which might be called a bed, because it was like nothing else; it was empurpled by its own hangings, and supported by four superb monsters of the antediluvian world, which served it for legs. It looked old and crazy enough to have been in existence soon after the deluge, and when I entered it a thrill of horror came over me, I know not how, for it imparted the sensation of walking over a bottomless bog, or a sea of liquid glass, which threatened to ingulph the daring ad-

venturer every time he moved or breathed; there was something vampire-like in the sensations imparted, and the textures touched seemed to melt or moulder away in the fingers. Alas! a celestial bed! was it Campbell's, or whose?

I have heard of the Prophet's coffin between heaven and earth, and like it I seemed to be suspended in a new position! I almost fancied I was in a vacuum again, but some force, centripetal, or fugal, not nicely antagonized, by divers rockings, assured me I was yet in the land of pain.

It is impossible to define the sensations which stole upon my senses; I exulted or languished. The incense of flowers, gushes of perfume, fresh from mossy banks, as if Arabia had gathered and let loose her sweets, came and overwhelmed; and the breath of music, a sweet and changeful

melody, as if sang by angels to inspire man with a new hope, a new love, delighted me—as Lind does her rapt listeners; I could have died in the rapture. The Prince must have delegated his power. It was Hope and Health, the syrens, singing. I wept, I fainted, lived in the Elysium of light, and cared not, if joy added another to her victims: that joy in which the spirit of Sophocles passed from earth to heaven on hearing the Athenians crowned his last effort with the applause of admiring wonder.

I conceived a prayer impromptu, uttered it aloud; was refreshed. What is it—that something so consoling and so beautiful in prayer? Is it the resignation of man, in perfect confidence, into the hands of the great Omnipotent? Or the awakening answer, sweet and small, trilling through the soul delightedly!

I resigned me, tranced to the guardian of the sleeper, and was detranced by mortal fingers, or by the music of the spheres, or by morning's light. It must remain untold!

“ While heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice,
By some other new device.”

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Mortals that would follow me
Love virtue, she alone is free.”

Comus.

WERE I to treat thee, reader, with the details of all the quacks I fee'd, all the dens I entered, all the physicians I repudiated *in extenso*, small thanks would fall to my lot: but thou hast experienced what a luxury it is to feel the cessation of a racking pain. One almost wishes it to return to enjoy the delight of ease anew; the transi-

tions from pain to pleasure are the sweetest moments of life—among the sweetest.

It looks deplorable that one should be so trapped, bitten, and deprived. But no man is wise always. “We are such stuff as dreams are made of,” and I was when hypochondriacal unable to see with understanding. I lived in terror of unspeakable misery and life-long reprobation. When the paroxysm came, my cry was, Am I to be cured? Luther had his demon tormentor and threw an inkstand at him, the spillings of which are still on a wall at Wartburg. Socrates had his familiar. Cromwell saw spectres, besides the denizen of “the Pit,” and heard their stories, and fancied the steeple of Huntingdon was tumbling about his ears. I had my vagaries and sights, and tried divers ways to be evacuated of the living evil.

Plausibility passes muster with truth in this age of plausibilities. We are easily caught by them. Girt with hypochondria, I still went abroad in by places; a light entering my brain sometimes, for I began to think! To think is the stepstone of action. To think, the bed celestial, and the Prince, humbugs! But how worked so finely? By what Cagliostro? There was the mystery.

In Goodfit's one day I had a fit of loss of memory. My hat was on, still I protested it was not; and interpellated from a comfortable chair: "Where is my hat?" "On your head, my dear sir." "No, no. I am not to be tricked that way." "Put your hand on your head, my dear sir, and, ahem—you will feel it!"

"Yes, feel my head." I felt and found my hat on.

“God bless me—an aberration,” said an officer in the Greys. “Go to Halse and be galvanised, for you are on the eve of a paralysis. It is the only agent in nature which will effect in a minute, what medicine will not in a month.”

I heard what he said, but could not speak. I rose, relapsed, and tottered; my understanding was cloudy. Goodfit called a coach, and the gallant Captain hurried me to H.’s; and escorted me, as if a lady, with such sensible attention, that from that hour I have been convinced the pink of delectation is not in the church, but the army. Thanks to the galvanist’s exquisite machine, I was so far restored that I became as clear a plodder as ever, in a trice.

Even after this was I doomed to pursue the Goshen of my miseries; for Silver’s abominable wife was ever saying, “You are

ill!" Often, as it seemed, in my grapple, I discovered, soon or late, a gloomy abyss between us. The port seen by a shipwrecked crew, from which the wind cruelly thrusts them, in spite of prayers and mighty efforts, is a faint picture of my disappointments. The traveller, discovering a brilliant light, fancying a habitation at hand, to find at last he has been led away by the glimmering phosphorescence of a bog, is a type of my deceits and experiences in the land of deceit. It was my fate, always hoping, to be always deceived. I had been drugged, pantomimed, placed in a bed, fed, starved, watered, bathed, shampooed, washed, curried, bolused, pillled, draughted, sweated, and vomited, and all to no purpose. What a predicament! Uncured, and yet pronounced curable by all! It was galling to think of the processes I

had undergone for nothing. Dreams were still my hospitable shore, and fear my stormy sea. The heart will not abandon its love, and the tenderest, dearest, and uppermost is that self-love which never fails, never deserts us.

“What a resource,” says a philosopher, “is a mind well stored against human casualties.” The want of such is a sad want. It was mine. The mind unoccupied is ready for any error, ready to gulp any monstrous absurdity; no matter how fatal to its peace, the delusion is swallowed greedily. The mind, as well as the body, *must* have its stomach; its always-wanting organ; and it must have food for its intolerable hunger, or there will be a craving—a dreadful craving—a vacuous feel—as welaway as unsatisfied love. Nothing to

do, no occupation, it is a hideous complaint.

Miserable mortal! oh, miserable mortal! to be thus unhappy in the midst of plenty, when thou shouldst have been contented. Having no engagement, still I found that I *must* be taking one thing or another. Habituated to drugging, it requires some fortitude to relinquish it. One looks for the dose as the child does for his pap, as the opium-eater did for his opium, as Toby Shandy did for his pipe, and as an old sailor will for his tobacco. To have taken the ordered thing, too, is to feel satisfied; it imposes the anticipation of an occurrence—a state in which one can sit down to look at the visage of the past—the storms and calms of our pilgrimage. Why does the past seem the brightest period of life? Is

it really the most heavenly? Is it that our prejudices were few and our selfishness but a little, before we were world-engrossed? Be that how it will, the contemplation was gratifying, sometimes, but it never satisfied my uneasy spirit very long.

I consulted fat and lean vulgarities, imps of selfishness without a grain of the leaven, devotees of mercantile honesty! men of Catholic capacity, who, like the horse-jockey's horse, could do everything for you. I consulted a hen-physician, who chattered her scientific jargon with the fluency of De Staël, and looked as suggestive as a Soph. I tried the undeniable, or, by their own tale, the omnipotent. Like a longing, panting, hoping hypochondriac, I went to a new agent when the old became "too familiar." Some of their agencies were pungent as the sting of hornets, but even

the worst were regularly “used up.” I tried a witch-doctor without being bewitched, and several “suggesters” without being poisoned. Indeed, I believe the chemists and druggists to be a principled people, safer than the quacks, and many of them are most intelligent. I used them up too.

Hope has a bubbling joyousness; it is sweet as the gurgle of the bottle to a wine-bibber. I pursued it, and proceeded to discover more ghosts of hope. I gasped for its refreshing, and followed my pillar of light—RECOVERY.

I tested the capacity of many *pillars* of the human constitution, great promisers, huge undertakers of human ills; the infallibility-men, Goss and Co.; the unctuous Holloway; Lord B—’s accomplished Baron, with his savage poll and military mus-

tache; the gouty Snooks and the bilious Scott; the life-prolonging Parr and the antibilious Frampton; the mysterious Widow Welch and the incredible Dr. Locock; in all of whom I found I had misplaced my confidence. That it proved so, I suppose, was not their fault, but their advantage. The Lord forgive them, as I do, for their falsehoods. They promised to cure my particular complaint, but, alas! were of no more use to me than a pinch of that harmless soil for the nose—Grimstone's snuff. By-the-bye, snuff-taking is an excellent amusement for the idle, and I have discussed it lately with some satisfaction. It is a contemplative habit.

After all these had failed, what was I to do? I sought very diligently for those mysterious creatures, Mrs. GAMP and Mrs. HARRIS; but alas! my search was fruitless.

Ahem! So often mentioned in good society, yea, in “the best” people’s, I fancied they must be something out of the common, and if perchance in the doctoring line, and half as benevolent as Mrs. Fry, of prison celebrity, of what infinite consideration to a man in my deplorable plight. But like the elves, talked often of, but never seen, they were undiscovered. And poor me! mon Dieu! trying everybody and everything, was I to have this hunger and this thirst for ever?

If I recalled the round of consultations I had had with the faculty even, what a puzzle appeared. One had put my evil to the skin, and treated me skinnily. Another had said it was in the stomach, and tried to starve it out. Another said it was in the humours, and he treated me humourously—not after *Punch*, but after Vieussens

and his floundering disciples. A fourth spoke à Montanus: *fuge medicos et medicamina, et sanaberis*. A fifth, after Rhodius and Rondelet, wanted to trepan me; while another wise barbarian was anxious to burn the top of my head with the actual cautery. I had been burnt when a child, and shunned the fire. I detested the idea of being cauterized, and as for having a piece of bone ground out of my skull, I would as soon be scalped at once. All this puzzled me exceedingly, when I meditated upon it; but now, having discovered a method of reconciling opposite ends and opinions, it is all easily resolved.

It is unreasonable to expect a specific for everything; but how many presume to tinker what they do not understand. Obstinacy is the failing of the Saxon, and his glory; I was obstinate, and persisted in

seeking health in the sewers of deceit. Alas, how fearfully do we cling to life, and why so, when we are all daily bewailing our daily miseries. Why so dreaded the exchange from one world to another? The inevitable destiny. But, alas! from the cradle to the grave, man pursues novelty; the hippish before all men; 'tis his food of ease; every day must bring something new to entertain the five senses, to sustain joy's fire of joy, to touch sensation, to clothe the emanations of the heart and mind with the spring-tide freshness of youth, to give *to* everything around us and to reflect *on* everything, the zest of interest, and the gusto of feeling spontaneously created by a brilliant witticism, or a beauty, when first seen and admired. Age would not be dull and wearisome if the higher faculties were cultivated, to play sweetly—like the wind with

the Æolian harp, when the physical have declined; like bees they would wander forth, night and morning, to gather honey for the soul's banquet—the honey of wisdom—the honey on which Milton and Black lived so gaily in their midnight of sublime gloom. The pursuit of novelty is the race of life: to achieve it is the urging particle; achieved, the attraction ceases to be so attractive, and when we cease to hunger for its fruits, what do we here? The business of life and our earth-interest are then nigh over. We are dead to every maiden emotion, dead to every dear charmer and charm, dead to every pleasure, joyless on the hill top and in the valley's bosom, unmoved at the altar of associations, old and new—hypochondriacal cumberers of the ground, whose fruits we consume in vain, for our tillage is over, and we are merely waiting to be gathered to

the clay-house of resurrection. From the citizen to the savage, all people have one glory or another to glorify. The Athenians spent their time in hearing and telling some new thing, and, strange enough, the English have ever had that Greek propensity. I had lost or impaired these happy tastes, except as they ministered to my monomania. I fee'd quacks—patronized quackery, the prolific author of falsehood—and had they been but honest or intelligent I might have fared well. Ah! that man would but learn to be honest and scrupulous in all things; would cease to pick his neighbour's pocket, wolfishly, on every convenient occasion; would cease to pluck his fellows, as the Derry man does his poor geese, for the sake of the feathers; would cease to be selfish and war-wicked, for then the world would settle down, fraternally comfortable, to enjoy the

gifts of Heaven. Money-love is a sad business! For, after all, it is joy, not money, which is the real thing—the wealth! Give me its gladness. It is worth more than a California of gold-diggings. Care is the poverty of the rich; contentment is the rich wealth of the poor. Every business has its troubles, but is any business so troublesome as *that* having “no vocation.” A vocation gone, makes life blank enough, and has persuaded many to follow the steps of Othello in his overwhelming misery. But there be idlers and vagrants, for all that, to whom idleness and vagrancy is a business, toadyism and sponging a pastime.

Wandering still, like a leaky and shattered vessel at the mercy of every sea, I saw an advertisement! It is odd, considering the abundance of infallibles daily advertised, snuffs, salves, and pills, that any disease

stands in the country. It must be wedded to man's leaven! The existence of such, whether they like it or not, convicts these *honest* fellows of ignorance, or prepense falsehood. Let us believe, in charity, they live and *lie* in virtuous ignorance. Will that do? Ahem!

I saw an advertisement, something Jewish, which led me to a Hebrew horde, spending (I am told) thousands in decoying dupes. I had struggled again with my depression, denounced it, laughed at it as a folly, applied to college fellows and graduates, heard, over and over, the old tale of gentle usage and occupation. None promised with the entirety of the empiric; and now that I see the motive of presumptuous ignorance, the infamy grows mountainous — the infamy execrable, that cared nothing for my health, everything for my lucre.

These Hebrews are the last of the Ishmaelites I shall discourse about; these Cains, protean in shape and feature, play into each other's hands, have their decoys in society's haunts and shades, publish books, not delicate, give advice—*give?*—and defile the columns of the county press with paragraphs of filth and falsehood, which will presently shut them out, where vice is abhorred and truth venerated.

I consulted a member of this fraternal firm, who drew before me a picture of horrors which, had I not been seated, would have sunk me prostrate. They persuaded me, they persuaded me—what? that I was in the last of deplorable conditions. And I feel persuaded now it would serve these knaves justly to Lynch them; to dip them in a compound of tar and turpentine and then set them on fire—by the Serpen-

tine; they do deserve it, most handsomely, for their felonies, their persecutions, their infernal ingenuity and industry, in bringing misery and ruin on her Majesty's lieges, merely to get into their pockets. Had I known I was decoyed, and for what dire purpose; known I had entered a den of thieves, I had not entreated like a frightened girl, but taken what kings call "a commanding position."

Seeing I was horrified, they consoled me by saying I had arrived just in time to be saved. The moment of danger was at hand; but there was a remedy for it. I was to proceed, without stint or limit, to treat my nervous disorder with a precious balm. There was a felicity in the idea of embalming my misery, and how I pitied the poor who happened to be in the like condition; for the sum extracted for the thing was so

enormous that the like of it could not be purchased by a mechanic for less than the wages of twelve months of hard labour. Such is the luxury of having money—you can buy the first advice of the first fish, or take a seat at the Opera. I saw money's worth in a new light: with it the rich purchase health; for want of it the miserable poor perish. I carried away in a cab my balmy infallibility, determined to return, as I was advised, if the progress was slow or unsatisfactory. This Christian advice had a sweet gratification in it; if this failed there was something yet in store, more potent and exquisite. I went my way rejoiced, and doubted not the honesty of my perverse and plausible advisers. I dosed, I acted by their instructions; I grew worse, revisited, reconsulted, and had depicted as clearly as words can picture, the horrors that would arise,

unless I despatched their detestable compound, "the Balmy Elixir," with diligence. It was lucky my purse was plethorically golden, for by the science of arithmetic I was engorging a guinea three times a day. Westminster (the Earl) could not stand this long. The ninety doses in my box cost as many pounds and shillings ; the sum looked much, nevertheless I paid it cheerfully, filled with the prodigious hope of being made sound as an uncracked bell. Health, at a great price, is happiness, cheaply come by. Those who have lost it say so.

Notwithstanding the preciousness of the article, and the number of villanous, dreadfully-dressed, Jewish-looking gents I met with, at the dens where it was alone to be had, I got worse, and was urged to continue ! At last I discovered I was in the hands of a band of benevolent blacks, a

band of genteel, fashionably-moving, medicine-mongering, law-laughing-at, swindlers. Murder will out, and it happened to come out, poor fellow, through his infinite regard for his dying old master. May God forgive him!

Silver came into my room one day, and in a tone very lachrymary, asked me how I was? I said, "I was in great pain, but could bear with it, if the Lord's will." He began to wawl like an ungentle child, offended when it ought to have laughed. "What is the matter, you old goose?" said I, for I had a respect for him notwithstanding his defalcations, and detested to see him weep. A gray beard should bow resigned to whatever affliction, in the grand silence of humility, and not weep out like a feminine boy,—I detested to see this weakness! But he had married, the reader

will remember that, a sad article! I had reason to remember and deplore it, for it was his ruin, and a misery and robbery to us both. I expected new complaints about his wife; HE *would* marry her! He had neglected me of late, through his drinking: that drunkenness is a business of itself, and he who attends to it has enough to do, and can do nothing else. He thought I was in my last hours, and came to pour out his repentance, gratitude, and grief; to confess his guilt for forgiveness sake! I would not have had that scene then for all Ireland or Hungary, but it came; and having done so, I could no more stop it than a hurricane of fire and hail sent to destroy.

He told me a frightful tale; it crept over me like a surge of fire; told me how I had been duped; how, after a long and painful battle, he had fallen, and permitted himself

to conspire, with his wife, to convoy me—to convoy me—into the hands of empirics, for the unprincipled to market me, to rob and share the plunder. No wonder I was ill! Here was a frightful conspiracy; an example of what man will do for gold. But it was only with certain of the quacks he had concerted; to others I had gone spontaneously; and these, I do hope, in charity, acted up to the aphorism of Hippocrates—*saltem non nocere*; do good, or do no harm.

His revelation was hideous, and it especially turned upon the crew in whose power I was, who would not let me go, or rest from, or cease their robbery. I could hardly believe this sublime rascality—this refined villany. What! was I suffering agonies, not by the Lord's ordination, but that a bevy of vampires might grow rich, roll in

their carriages, and sleep in their marble halls ! Verily, man preys on his fellows with a more cowardly cruelty than the fox, or the tiger, or the wolf, or the eagle, or the kite, preys on his victim, and without the excuse of instinct.

But yesterday my visitor, one of the despicable crew, visited me ; insisted I should pay and be cured. Insisted ! I wanted to take my chance ! Could anything seem fairer, more desirable, than to submit to be cured by one having such concern for the afflicted—that if going foolishly and contrary to reason astray, he, seeing the abyss, should discreetly, manfully insist upon taking care of one, and curing one's folly by hook or crook ? If sincere, this insisting would be most noble ! If insincere and selfish — oh, horrible. Silver placed its insincerity out clear and

undeniable ! What fraud the world furnishes ; what infamy is hourly unmasked ; what fiends there be ; what assassins are around us. These men would have murdered me, would have reduced me to beggary without mercy, for they held me in their talons. They had found I was wealthy, and, for the sake of it, were working a process of slow poisoning, to keep me ill, which would have consigned me, through untold misery, to the tomb. Analysis revealed one of the fatal slow poisons of the middle ages. My constitution was strong, but even stones wear away by continual dropping. I could have cursed the fellow for his hideous treachery, but his grief melted my intent, and I thanked Providence for my escape. I dismissed him from my side, but he hung there, like a dog on the footsteps of his only friend, swearing

he would live and die with me, true henceforth, and asking but to serve me.

My condition was melancholy; business brought to my side one of the intimates of my youth. With infinite gratitude I thank Heaven for his arrival; to it I owe my restoration. Business brought us together, but I never will believe that he was not heaven-sent. I was brought to a debility never known before; dreary terrors, delirious visions, attended my nights; and my days were as hopeless of relief as Trenck's in his gloomy dungeon. Mind and body acted and re-acted on each other as if they were at enmity, warring for mutual destruction; warring in a life and death struggle, like two antagonisms, tormented and tormenting, in a perpetual war of malignity. By Dr. Goodly I was re-assured and restored; he was the friend of my youth, and is the

friend of my age! I rejoiced to see him. Yes; and Xenophon and his comrades were not more cheered when they caught a glimpse of the sea, after their desert-wanderings and land-weariness, than I was to behold this old school-fellow. He saw my imminent danger and dreadful despondency; held, that rural air and exercise would invigorate and refresh my unbraced nerves. He insisted I should come down with him to spend a season in his chosen retreat; and so, as soon as able, I left London and its horde of Cossack charlatans, sick and sad, for the poison was within me; but nature, through her cheerful choristers, lovely blossoms, and matchless beauties, won me to be her lover—to return her salutations with noisy gladness. The apathy of age grew less, the elasticity of manhood returned. I rioted like a boy

returned from school, in the green lanes, woods, and fields. I feasted, morning and evening, on the thousand things that entertain us in a rural ramble; and at night, in Goodly's parlour, with social folk, more renowned for their wit and wisdom than their wealth, the current news, stories, and memories of the world, deluded the heart of its troubles, stole the withering germ of pining sickness from the mind, and changed its love of solitude into a social love. Oh, mortality! thou art a poor cripple; thy grave philosophers and thy common herd are alike excited or subdued by a pang of pain.

Every change in my state, improvement or relapse, had been merely a transition from hope to fear, and from fear to hope. Doubt had held the helm, therefore care was at the prow. The influence of these antagonisms is well known. The presence

of the one or the other *is* health or disease. If restored by some novel elixir to-day, it was to find my *malaise* with me to-morrow. No wonder either, for indulgence and inactivity destroy and corrupt every physical sense, every animal function, and every mental faculty. There was no permanency of ease till the discipline of Goodly led me to take an interest in the enjoyments, affairs, and duties of life. He seems to have given me a part of his own pious content and noble resignation, and the mind something to do; a direction, occupation, pursuit. The pure air may have had an influence, the fresh fields, the wonder-sounds of river and grove, so like what I had been used to of old; for everything looked new and charming. My head had been so long withdrawn from nature's glories, and engrossed with the ledger and

schemes of commerce, that I had forgotten their faces. But it was the conversation, the chosen amusements of the moment, that dissipated entirely the depraved anxieties of the croaking invalid, and held the soul in cheerful captivity—the sweet captivity of a pleasing tale; the delightful thrall in which we live, charmed by a pure discourse, by music, by a novel, an oration, or a song. What a physician was my friend! a Machaon. He had the skill to erase written troubles from the memory, and he had got his alchymy, as he once said, from the sublimest of books—Nature's and Inspiration's.

There be some who rail at the faculty without mercy; ay, and without reason! Misunderstanding the expression of Macbeth, they would cast “physic (and physicians) to the dogs.” Homer and Socrates knew their worth. The one mentions

Æsculapius with his dying breath to his loving friend Crito, AS Plato records it; the other has canonized the order in song :

“ A wise physician, skilled our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

I fancy they are an ill-used race, indifferently rewarded, and not honoured much in their country's high places. The proverb says, truly—“ they seldom get their bread till they want teeth to eat it.” I owe them much, very much.

Once I fancied I was condemned to waste the waning powers of creeping age in that “ moral indigestion”—*ennui*; but now, all my appetites are so changed, from darkness, distrust, and fretfulness, to light, confidence, and content,—from feverish irritability, to relying fortitude, that the fury-storm has become a serene calm, and the long days of August seem too short for my enjoyments.

I was near being extinguished—imbecile; but a genial intercourse and affectionate nature, by imposing self-confidence, have given fresh supply of vital oil to life's lamp, bidding it burn on, even brighter than before. The delusions of fancy have retired, and the shells and kernels of fact, and the bubbles—all gathered on the sea-beach of the mind—tell me that the past has been a little ridiculous—nothing more. I had started in a foolish fancy, believing this earth could be made a paradise by mere gold, and if an ideal dream, barren in results and impracticable in practice—it is a dream with which a large aliquot of the world stand charged and impeached. “Getting money *is*,” as Mr. Strachan said, “an agreeable occupation,” but there must be an end of it. Such were my musings sometimes; and if any uneasy concern or

care remained, it was lest I should prove a burden to my friend, or lest poor Silver,—that wife-deserted man, who was crippled—should want any luxury that could give him one tittle of pleasure. I had the satisfaction to settle him in a cottage and to make him a pensioner. But I grew uneasy at length. One day Goodly noticed my uneasiness, and sought its cause.

“ I cannot stay here for ever,” said I, feeling I was not in my own house or by my own fire. “ What do you advise me to do with myself ?”

“ If you wish to travel, go for a ramble over the English coasts and counties, or the Welsh hills, where you have in miniature, a continent, and the relics of the barbaric and the civilized ages. The fresh breezes of our English vales and steeps are worth more, to the sick or the healthy, than all the

washy waters of Germany, all the compounds of the apothecary, all the hashes of France. Our stormy and fickle clime is a pickle which preserves beauty's bloom and freshness longer, health and life in spite of our drinking habits longer, than richer and more constant climes. It has an evergreen influence; takes the seam from the brow, the track of toil from the cheek, and gives elasticity to the limbs. The hilarity of youth is in the breath of the mountain air. But why not stay here for the summer with us?"

"A visit must have its end," said I, resting my hand on the shoulder of a boy seven years old, who was fond of me. I loved him, too, for he was a cheerful lad. Goodly was toying with a girl. These were his "hostages to fortune." His lady was dead. With envy could I have seen it—if

envy had not been an alien to my bosom—this amiable man toying with his children in his parlour. They played around us. He dangled the girl's curls. The little nymph! And in his eyes one could see his doting fondness. I wondered not that he loved them. They had the exceeding beauty of childhood, the supreme loveliness of unsuspecting innocence! Both had fine features and beautiful eyes and hair. Such love is a *well* of happiness! To drink its waters is a refreshing refuge; refreshing after the tedium of battle, the strife of business, the merchandise of selfishness; and it keeps warm within us every earth-endearing spark of humanity that heaven would have us foster and the angels smile on. Our pictures of young life are repaired and repeated by a child's gambols.

What is there on earth that makes a

house so cheerful as a child? It is the link that binds us to posterity; hearths and altars! Of every company it is the most innocent, the most immaculate; it sweetens isolation, and warms the bosom more than the charms of adventure.

“Why not stay with us for the summer?” he repeated.

“You are the most generous of men, my dear Goodly.”

“Hush, I do not like praise, lest it become flattery.”

“You remind me of Franklin, who had the same tenderness; but what I say I mean,” said I.

“It is a pity it is not the world’s rule. You are now hale and hearty.”

“Yes, thanks to your discipline and the Somersetshire hills, as well as I have been any day these twenty years.”

This was correct, for, embarked in life's pursuit, rational pleasure, I ministered my modicum in society, and it convinced me that hypochondriacism is the affliction of idleness. Man was not made to do nothing, and he who spends and wastes his hours as if they were his own, not as if they were lent to him, probationally, has to pay for it with a proportionable misery. Every day is a little life, says Bishop Hall, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

To Goodly I owe everything; he has created me a new world, and as full as the grape in autumn is my heart of thankfulness. He has given reason her empire once more, and if my lowness returns, he chases it away with the wand of confidence. Such is the sweet office of the physician, to minister the medicine of truth at the fire-side; to minister peace to the bruised heart of

down-trodden, sinking humanity. The medical is, indeed, a noble art, the most self-sacrificing and the least honoured in the state. Like the devoted followers of literature, those gentlemen of the Press, *who* hold up the torch of truth to the multitude, to guide them through the sloughs of ignorance and exacting bigotry, to an exalted and exalting civilization, the devotees at the shrine of science have yet to take their position. They will only do so when merit is respected before money, and that anti-golden age will only come when the soul is more thought of than the body.

It is not in a month that the seeds of principles bring forth their fruit: the principles that are scattered on a nation's mind to supplant its prejudices; they are slow to take their destined place, but they will do so. They may be overwhelmed by a pre-

occupying force; but in some after age they will tell, when but a few can see whence they came or by what hand. Slow but sure—Intelligence assures the downfall of humbug.

I shall conclude my confessions and observations with an anecdote related by my friend; it pleased me because it was new, and moreover, applicable to my conglomerable case.

“Desmoulin said, just before he died, ‘I leave behind me three great physicians, diet, exercise, and water.’ Desmoulin was the wisest man of his age,” said Goodly, “and his three physicians are all the hypochondriac requires to dissipate his humours and fortify his nerves.”

“I have been told that a hundred times,” said I, “by as many physicians, but none of them before you made me believe it. You

alone have disentangled the skein that bound me to my misery. You have set me free."

"Then you have been told all that truth can tell, all that has been known since Hippocrates wrote. People seek advice, but rarely follow it when hippishly capricious. To cure is the end of physic, and oftener than fancied, the cure is all in the patient's hands, while the ill is in his appetites; but if you pursue your course, interested in books and the poor's welfare, the best of the dead and the most Christian of the living—you will have nothing to fear."

This double interest has continued and shall do so. I read, I criticise, I discuss, I hunt news, and relate it like another man, and have established a small farm in the west of England, which is let in allotments to the labourer and artisan. To watch

their progress, to weigh the honey of these bees, to register their efforts and successes, is my singular pastime. It is one that will last; one that beareth fruit, like Jonah's gourd, abundantly in a night! Generosity grows by what it feeds on—the milk of human kindness; and I have a considerable belief with the wealth lent me, that I shall continue to enjoy the fruits of society without emulating the poor gentleman, who, when he got a fortune left him, ran about offering to write cheques on his banker to any amount, for every one who had the courageous consideration to ask him to do so.

THE END.

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